

Special Features This Issue

"Heard About the Duke?" - "Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival"

"Single Handling a Schooner"

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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 15

December 15, 2000

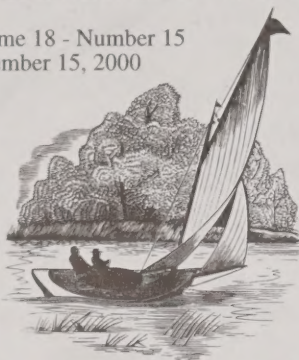


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messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 18 - Number 15
December 15, 2000



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Looking Ahead...

Shamus Doneagan is back, this time with a "bird's eye" perspective on a gathering of tall ships in "Big Boats on the Bay"; and Joe Lagrasso reports on "A Gathering of Windriders" where there was precious little wind on which to ride.

Tom McGrath (who remembers Tom's long ago Townie tales?) surfaces unexpectedly with another of his wry commentaries on small boating in "A Gam of Whistle-Pissers"; Barry Donahue brings us more photos of "Vikings at Play"; and if all goes well we'll commence our 2001 serialization of another good old timey boating book.

Jim Michalak has two more of his designs for us in "More New Boats"; Terry Trespasso describes his unique use for canoe paddles in "Canoe Paddle Creations"; Mark Steele is back with more model boating news in "A Sort of Blossomy Kind of Boat"; Phil Thiel continues with his pedal power revelations in "12 Decades of Pedal Power in the Heart of Boston"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will surely come through again as always.

Ted Cary discusses the high tech subject of boat speed in "Two Ways to Break the Displacement Hull Speed Limit"; Monte Rhodes urges us to "Go Build a Boat"; and Robb White gives us a double dose; workshop advise in "My Favorite Power Tool"; and dealing with desecrators of our small boating environment in "Try Corporeal Punishment".

On the Cover...

Foster Nostrand says this is the most poetic photo of his schooner ever taken and we believe him. He tells us more about single handing this boat in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



While looking on at the launching of a new Polynesian racing outrigger canoe at Kittery Point, Maine, in November, which I chronicle in a feature story in this issue, I thought, how nice it is for the two guys behind the project to believe enough in their dream to go ahead and make it happen. Most of us who have undertaken projects in small boating have experienced that moment of decision to "go for it", be it to build a new boat from plans, or assemble a kit boat, or even pursue an idea dreamed up in our own head.

What set this particular dream apart from many of us is the degree of commitment to the dream. Bill Yates and Mike Handa, a couple of Hawaiians now living in eastern Massachusetts, decided that they wanted to create an improved version of the Hawaiian outrigger canoes which have been making the scene hereabouts, one more suited for the sea conditions experienced along our eastern US seaboard.

No design existed, and since they are also businessmen planning to offer their boats for sale to others, the revision was not one they came up with by seat-of-the-pants designing at the kitchen table. They interested Dick Newick and Keith Burgess, men with very high level design credentials and achievements indeed, to do the design, and Ted Perry, a proven builder of top quality molded fiberglass boats, to build the boats.

Bill and Mike are dealing with the time constraints the demands of their workaday lives place on realization of their dream by devoting their time to managing the whole process, leaving the details to the pros, substituting money for time. While the majority of people routinely realize their dreams by just buying them, meanwhile grinding out their daily lives in cubicles or on shop floors, Bill and Mike have the satisfaction of creating and carrying forward their own unique dream.

Judging from many of the stories from readers which we have received over these many years now, this is not an option for most. It certainly isn't for me. I long ago chose to substitute time for money, time free to do what I wanted to with it, forgoing the ease of just taking out my wallet to acquire what I wanted at any time so I could be free to act when and how I wished.

So it takes me a lot longer to bring a dream to fruition. This magazine is an example, having no capital at the start to build it up quickly with costly circulation and advertising promotion campaigns, we slugged along underwater financially for almost ten years before breaking the surface into positive cash flow conditions. With this number one dream such a struggle in terms of time, lesser dreams

of various exciting small boat projects and adventures were chronically starved for the time needed to see significant progress in any given year.

Now that we bask in relative affluence, with cash flow in exceeding cash flow out by an amount that provides what one might regard as a modest retirement income (without the retirement part), more time is indeed available for pursuing my dream projects and adventures. In small boats the current ongoing dream project has been the trimaran I concocted from a cast off 17' Seda sea kayak, a couple of stitch & glue amas, and a used windsurfer rig.

This came to mind at Kittery Point as I looked out over the mooring area at Dick Newick's new 16' trimaran design, "Rev". Oh my, I thought, how presumptuous of me to think I can put together a small one or two person trimaran on the sort of budget I have to work with. Dick's "Rev" would be the sort of result I would have achieved had I followed Bill and Mike's lead and retained Dick Newick to design my little dream tri and Ted Perry's East/West Boats to build it.

Not that the result of my seat-of-the-pants designing and engineering is a total waste, I did adopt all sorts of specs and construction ways and means from existing trimaran concepts, so it will probably work well enough for my own personal pleasure. I cannot report yet on success, for this past year I did zero work on the project.

Instead I got caught up in my cycling activities working on two projects with quadraplegic friend Charlie, seat-of-the-pants designing and barn shop building two trikes for people with major physical handicaps, one a tandem handcycle rig for a disabled person to enjoy riding with a normally abled companion, and the other an off-road handcycle trike for enabling a handicapped person to regain access to outdoor places inaccessible by wheelchair.

Yes, these have nothing to do with messing about in boats, what grabbed me about them was that nothing like either is available for the handicapped from the industry that serves their needs, and the sharing of the whole adventure with a person who has become a close friend. We are breaking new ground.

Perhaps in 2001 my tri may move ahead. Friend Charlie has paddled with me several times in my Seda Tango double sea kayak. Perhaps if I redesign the mechanics of installing the existing amas, akas and windsurfer rig to suit the larger double, with Charlie's participation both before and after the launching, the currently neglected boat project might regain top billing. We'll see.

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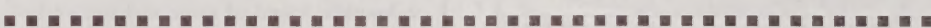
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You write to us about...

Opinions...

A Very Serious Disease

Messing about in boats is not only the name of your magazine, it's a very serious disease. Other medical journals (boating magazines) offer opinions on the disease but, Mr. Hicks, you call a spade a spade and call the disease what it really is, *Messing About in Boats*.

This MAIB disease has afflicted mankind for thousands of years and perplexed the best of doctors. They have studied both the fresh water and salt water versions of this illness, finding barnacles to be the only major difference. The fresh water version is more predominate in lakes and rivers, while the salt water version is confined to the oceans.

The disease is most prevalent among the male population, though some females are known to be afflicted with this malady. This disease strikes young and old alike. The contraction of this disease among the young is often undetected until the symptoms appear as they age.

A severe symptom of this disease is the desire to be out on the water in a boat. The immune system seems incapable of dealing with this symptom. There are catalogs full of such medicines as paint, varnish and caulking compounds while others offer charts to plot the disease's progress and anchors to hold the disease in check. Let me tell you right now, you're going to die with this disease; it's incurable.

My particular version of the disease infected me with a Snipe bite in the teenage years, then lay mostly dormant until 1989. There were two flare-ups in the '50s when I built two 12' wooden sailboats that eased the pain.

In '89, I was struck with the *Carol Ann* strain. This 22' wooden sailboat was born in 1963 and when I acquired this strain in '89, it was apparent that I needed life-saving surgery. I underwent an operation that included spine and rib replacement, which also led to much skin grafting.

With the hull in acceptable shape, I've embarked on a regimen of sailing therapy, which has worked wonders. Whenever I feel a little queasy, I open up the bowels of the hull and remodel the galley.

To stay in good shape, each spring I take a dose of paint and varnish, this after a winter of reading the medical journals to see how others cope with this disease.

Irving S. Wait, Seymour, IN

Scandinavian Character Traits

In the article "Water Wandering in Denmark", by Richard C. Newick (Oct. 15 issue), the statement, "The Swedes (in Malmo) seemed prosperous and friendly but more reserved than the Danes," reminded me of a joke a Copenhagen Dane told me, a joke that exemplified the perceived different character traits of the four Scandinavian nations. Here goes:

"A ferry between Copenhagen and Malmo was caught in a storm and sank. Everyone was saved but one liferaft could not be found. Finally, five days later, it was located. There were two Norwegians in the raft; they were busy rowing, that is, working. There were two Finns, regarded by some as the "Sicilians" of Scandinavia; they were having a heated argument and slashing at each other with knives. There were two happy-go-lucky Danes, they were telling jokes, laughing and slapping each other on the back like old long-lost friends. Standing formally aloof in each end of the raft were two Swedes; they hadn't been introduced yet."

Is the author Richard C. Newick one and the same as the noted trimaran designer Dick Newick?

Bob Awtrey, Fernandina Beach, FL

Editor Comments: Yep, it's him.

What should a Volunteer Crew Expect?

You are the owner of a large boat? Have you ever moved your boat a long distance over the water? I would like to ask what you expect from your crew. I have my opinions and am probably opening a can of worms by presenting them.

I have helped deliver a couple of boats in recent years and have had understandings with the owners that I expected no pay but I also expected no costs to me. I also expected to be fed. The fed part can get iffy when you start eating a lot of meals off the boat.

This past spring something happened that got me wondering what I should expect as a volunteer delivery crewman. An acquaintance of mine bought a large sailboat in England and wanted to bring it to the US and then up the Mississippi to St. Paul, Minnesota.

I had no desire to cross the big pond with this man but originally agreed to join his trip at Mobile and help deliver the boat up the Tentom Waterway, into the Mississippi, then to our home in Minnesota.

Another friend of mine and a friend of his were his volunteer crew to bring the boat over from England. The trip seemed to be ready to happen. These friends flew to London at their own expense, and then began to get the boat ready for the crossing.

I got a call from the owner one evening from London shortly before the sailing date. He asked me to check into bridge clearances on the Tentom Waterway. This was a reasonable request as he chose not to drop the stick if he could avoid it.

We talked on his dime for quite a while that evening about the option of traveling all the way up the Mississippi making about 1mph over the ground while burning a gallon of diesel every hour, then he dropped the bomb. He told me that he was glad that there were four of us to split the cost.

"Split the costs?" I exclaimed, and he repeated that he expected his crew to share all the expenses. I was not ready for this, it caught me completely off guard. I was thinking that I was crew not a passenger, crews get paid. I had expected to work for nothing and I was prepared to lose nearly a hundred dollars a day for all the days that I was away from my job as a yard bird. I was not expecting to buy his fuel.

I politely told him that I couldn't afford to help him with his delivery.

The crossing did get underway but my friend was injured and so they returned to port. Now the boat is back in London and the friends are back in the US, having paid their ways both ways across the big pond. A lot of bad feelings came out of this incident.

I have thought about this failed trip a lot this summer and feel that it's time to ask the opinion of other boat owners and boat lovers. I would like to hear what others feel is the proper arrangement for non professional ferry trips. I know what the costs are if you hire a skipper and crew. Paying your crews expenses is very small by comparison.

One thing that came through very clearly to me. All parties must agree up front what is expected. If you don't agree don't go. Don't subject yourself to any unpleasant surprises.

Mississippi Bob Brown, 12936 Galaxie Ave. Apple Valley, MN 55124

This Magazine...

Thanks for the Coverage

My November 1 copy arrived yesterday and I was delighted to see Bob Rogers's story, "Big Adventure in a Small Boat", about building and using my Jozeboat in it. If anyone has been contemplating ordering plans but hasn't become convinced that Jozebote is all that seaworthy, especially since up to now there's been nothing other than my claims for the boat's performance, this ought to be the final word!

When Bob sent me a copy of his manuscript, I wrote to him that I never would have had the nerve to even go out in seas of the sort he describes, let alone on a long expedition, but I certainly appreciate his being the one to give my design its acid test.

Since you ran my release back in the January 1 issue I've had 65 orders for the plans. *BoatBuilder* ran the release a couple months after you did, but *MAIB* was definitely the big puller. Again, many thanks for the coverage.

Joseph Reisner, Marine Design & Development, 9600 Seventeen Mile Rd., Marshall, MI 49068, (616) 781-6974

Editor Comments: We welcome articles about the designs and boats that designers and builders have to offer, it is up to them or their satisfied clients, to submit their stories for publication.

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Information of Interest...

Boats 101

The Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, Massachusetts, is offering a unique boating fundamentals course during the winter months, February 1 - April 19, bringing together boat owners and professionals in the marine field for twelve evenings of demonstrations and open discussions. The staff includes designers, builders and systems specialists.

An overview of the boat you own or are considering will include insights into the use and limitations of the boat. Topics will cover design, construction, maintenance and marine systems.

Interested readers are invited to inquire for full details. Check our website at www.essexshipbuildingmuseum.com.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum Waterline Center, 66 Main St. Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-7541.

New Steamboating Group

The North American Steam Boat Assn. was founded six months ago to replace the former *Steamhoating* of Middlebourne, West Virginia whose editor and publisher (Bill Mueller) announced he can no longer continue the publication and organization he has run single handedly for the last 12 years or so. This new organization is well funded, well founded and already has its second issue of its newsletter, *The Smokestack*, in the mail.

The Smokestack is published every three months by Editor Charley Roth. It is the information outlet for the North American Steam Boat Assn. Editorial mailing address is: *The Smokestack*, 212 Rte. 513, Glen Gardner, NJ 08826. Subscription mailing address is: *The Smokestack*, PO Box 395, Dayville, CT 06241. Phone number (908) 638-8341.

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Activities & Experiences...



Checking Out the Big Guys

Checking out the big guys during the Wellfleet Harbor row held by the Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club this past summer.

Barry Donahue, Brewster, MA



Searching For This Boat

I am searching for the small boat pictured to buy. I wonder if any readers can tell me who the builder is and what his address is?

Helmut Zysk, 7804 Seminole Rd., Sneads, FL 32460.

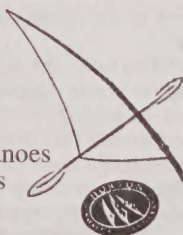
Your January 1 Issue Will Be Late!

Yep, because of problems in non or late delivery some readers have experienced this past fall, which I discussed on this page in the December 1 issue, I decided to not have the January 1 issue dropped into the pre-Christmas mail maelstrom on December 18th, but will wait until the 26th, when the vast flood has subsided and our little lot of 5,000 issues might get more attention, even survive at all. So, please give it a chance and wait at least until January 15 before you call us to ask where it is. We now are pretty much convinced that the postal service will take up to three weeks to deliver your issues, about twice as long as it took a year or two ago.

Right now we close each issue a month ahead of its cover date, so it can be printed and mailed at least two weeks ahead of the cover date. We may have to add another week this year (close five weeks early) so you'll get your issues more "on time".

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Newsletter Notes from All Over

A compendium of selections from newsletters and magazines we receive which, we believe, illustrates what is going on out there in the world small boats.

Broadside

Newsletter of The
U.S.S. Constitution
Model Shipwright Guild

Show & Tell

Mat Leupold led off with the David C. "Bud" McIntosh book, *How to Build a Wooden Boat*, \$36 from *WoodenBoat*. Mat, who has been involved with the design and building of a high performance sailboat, found this to have revelations. From the standpoint of design, the book describes the functions of each element and the operating conditions it will face.

It describes all stages of construction, using a 39' keel sloop as an example. Mat says it is written in a readable style with humor, and should appeal to armchair builders (and scratch modelers. Ed.). Clear illustrations by Sam Manning, often seen in *WoodenBoat* Magazine (Editor's favorite).

As Mat related, in his experience, you can never have enough clamps. McIntosh's book reinforces this, saying that the difference between an amateur and an experienced builder, is that the latter has nearly enough. Mat recommended that the Guild library obtain a copy, but declined to offer his.

Denis Edkins brought the fifth and last of the series of half models he has built, of sailboats he has owned. This, a Flying Dutchman, he still sails. Designed in the mid '50s, it was used in the 1960 Olympics and after. He calls it a perfect sailing machine, weighing only 360lbs at 20' x 6' beam, and capable of planing to windward. In winds below 10 knots, she is well behaved, but above 15, a handful, requiring a trapeze. The Dutchman has been clocked at 23 knots on a broad reach, and Denis seems to have great affection for his. They were originally molded ply, but currently made of Kevlar, FG and a honeycomb core. Denis' models sport the colors and sail numbers of his boats, and are all made to the same scale; a 3-D scrapbook.

Frank Clements again displayed his scratch whaling ship *Wanderer*, to show his progress to date. Built to McCann/*Popular Science* plans, it is 1/16"=1'. He told about making individual bricks for the tryworks after trying other solutions, carving his own figurehead and fabricating her wheel, which he had not attempted before. Asked about the nameboard lettering, he said he used "rub-on" lettering ("Press-type", along with many other graphic arts materials have been overtaken by computer technology, becoming quite scarce in shops while we in the trade have stacks of stuff we'll never use again. Ed.). White lettering is still available, as somebody pointed out, because desktop printers don't print white, but they do print reverse type, so the solution, mentioned by Bill Fleming recently, is to re-

verse your lettering from a hull matching color, trim it closely, and glue it on, or get out your 3-hair brush, and paint it. Very nice work.

Jim Nolan brought us up to date on recovery of the *CSS H.L. Hunley*, early sub being raised off Charleston, SC. Each day brings new revelations. Latest word is that her hull was only 3-1/2' in diameter, not split and riveted to attain greater height as is depicted in drawings and paintings. Imagine sitting and winding a crankshaft in that space! This hull is being raised with oil platform/drilling equipment and some funding by *National Geographic*. Straps laced under the hull (which is listing at about 45degrees) are equipped with load sensors for monitoring. Careful speed in 12 hour shifts is required, as the hurricane season is upon us. *Hunley* will be accompanied by US Navy vessels, as nine bodies are believed to be aboard.

Jim brought a poster showing details of the operation involving a jack-up barge and cradle, the whole of which will be placed on deck of the recovery vessel, retaining the hull angle so as to least disturb the contents.

Rob Napier is doing repair work on a model he built on commission 10-12 years back, but which has not been eased. The subject is a Dutch Boeier yacht of 1877, named *Constanter*. 24' in length, scale is 1/35, and the original is still afloat, says Rob. Her plans were taken from the book *Round and Flat Bottom Yachts*, which had many photos for documentation (again, those invaluable photos).

The boat is typically bluff in contour, has her counterweighted mast mounted in a fancy tabernacle (for sliding under bridges), is decorated neatly in her bows and uses twin leeboards. Rob's model is finished all natural, and is detailed to perfection. One thing which demonstrates his care and attention, is his choice of a block of wood for the solid hull, in which the grain simulates the planking runs, and perfectly symmetrically. Her blocks, which are of a style not used on this side, were fabricated of multiple parts.

Constanter's decks were discussed, as they, too, are made somewhat differently than we do it. Planks about 6" wide are rabbeted on both edges, and canvas is bedded and tacked down in the recess formed when the deck is laid.

The leeboards have a rudimentary airfoil shape to create windward lift. Why leeboards, used so seldom in this country (except for Gloucester's Phil Bolger)? They eliminate the intrusion of a trunk into the limited cabin space in this size cruising vessel, and also the potential leaks attendant.

Dick Remillard is taking a break from his *Rattlesnake* by building a 1902, 4-masted barkentine named *Kohala*, a west-coast lumber ship, at 1/8"=1'. This is his first attempt at a "bread and butter" (lift) carved hull. He has used pine for the lifts and maple for the keel

and stem. For the hollows around the stern, Dick recommends a Japanese compound convex-curve plane, with wood body. He had the highest praise for this little shaver, and plans to buy another, at about \$20. *Kohala* was launched from Fairhaven, MA. Plans for *Kohala* were obtained from the Smithsonian collection.

Ed Parent this night had yet another Civil War ship, *CSS Arkansas*, at 1:240. *Arkansas*, Ed tells us, was being built on the Mississippi in 1862, in Memphis, alongside a sister ship, when imminent attack required that she be launched and sent to another site for completion. So quickly was she sent into action, she was never painted. Her sister, not far enough along to launch, was destroyed on the ways. *Arkansas* was armored with 20" of wood, railroad ties and cotton bales according to his research.

Ed has built this model of 3/32" horizontal bass lifts. Not much is known of her lines, but she still lies in the mud, hard by Baton Rouge, and with a fraction of the expense of *Hunley*, could be raised and measured, said Ed.

Ray Crean brought back the (paper) light cruiser, *HMS Sheffield*, at 1:400, this time accompanied by a sister in plastic, at 1:200. The plastic version had been mothballed for a while but is now back in play. It has an internal structure of insulation foam.

Ray talked of his experiments with printing from the internet, directly onto plastic, but finding that the result was not waterproof. "Aha!" he cried, "I can solve that!", but found the print was not varnish-proof either.

Lou Hills says Ink Jet output can be made waterproof, at least on fabric, with a product named Bubble Jet Set. He has used it for flags. Silk is first washed in BJS, dried and mounted on "freezer paper", before running through your ink jet printer. The stuff was created for necktie makers, Lou says, and you can find it on the net.

Jonathan Kinghorn displayed *Gamain*, a 25 ton cutter yacht he is building from an 1878 magazine article! She is 3/4"=1', plank on frame, and will sail when complete. He is using mahogany, Douglas fir, boxwood, brass, lead and mica, bedded in putty, for the glazing, as he is trying to conform as closely as he can to the materials specified, available when the magazine was published. *Gamain* is in the earliest stages, and I hope we will see her back.

Bill Fleming and his *Foirmeata Coinean* version of the plank-on-bulkhead Billings kit *Lila Dan* were counted present. This 1:50 Baltic square topsail trader is about 90% complete, now. Sails are printed, but oversewn for authenticity, have boltropes, grommets, and are pursued to give them shape.

U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, Newsletter Editor Irwin Schuster, 27 Chatham Way, Lynnfield, MA 01940-1253, (781) 334-5009, <ischu@mindspring.com>

The Newsletter Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia

The Boats We Built

Compiled from the SWBANS Newsletters

I started going through our library of Newsletters. We have a complete set now and I thought it would be fun to go over the past five years to reminisce. One thing became very clear. Our members have built a lot of boats. We've also done a lot, so my trip down memory lane is going to have to be done in segments. Given our mandate, I thought I would start with boat building.

It's likely that I'll miss some, either through oversight on my part or because we have no record of some projects. If it's my mistake, I apologize for missing your boat. If you haven't told us about your boat, tell us now so we can update our records.

There have been some designs that have caught on quickly and those will be grouped together. We have heard that some people think the Association promotes one type or design over others. This list is very useful to disprove that theory. Our members have very different tastes and skill levels and have demonstrated that in their choices. Some of these boats were commissioned; some built by our members who are professionals in the field and some by members who began with a love of a particular boat and a desire to learn by doing. For all of us, though, it began with a love of being on the water.

Volkskayaks: Gerry Gladwin and his VK have been responsible for putting many people on the water and introducing many new members to SWBANS. An Association like ours is so lucky to have an active member like Gerry. The following is a list of members who built Volkskayaks (in no particular order):

Anne Murray, Ross Pottie, Russ Parrott, Huguette Pottie, Becky Stark, Greg Silver, Denise Saulnier, Jaimie Vanbuskirk, Mireille Wensel, Lynn Atton, Ryerson Clark, Ulli Hoyer, Jim Creighton, Andre Massicotte, Liza Hageraats, Peter Short, Donna Ray, Bob Mackasey, Gerry Gladwin (of course), Jose Gladwin (ditto), Stan Blake, Ron Wensel, Deanna Flinn, Anne Clark, Alex Chisholm (2 or 3), Robert Fraser, Bonnie Aalders, Olga Massicotte, Brenda Potvin, Howard Ray, LucPotvin, Peter Dumaresq.

Windsprints: The Association was conceived during the building of a Bolger Windsprint. Ryerson and Anne were building *Yellowtail* at the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic when the discussions began about forming an Association. *Yellowtail* joined Stan Blake's *Flounder* in the racing fleet and our members quickly joined the madness. Don Ives built *Fluke* and we all helped Anne Kenney build *Heel & Sole* at the Halifax International Boat Show. Are you beginning to see the theme? It didn't last. Alex built the cheap version in the modestly priced *Splinter*. Linda Day and Anne Clark built *Karei* and Kevin West built *Nomad From Hell*. Most recently Sherry and Dave Rimes built *Green Goblin*.

All but *Splinter* raced at the Mahone Bay Wooden Boat Festival in 2000 but some of them changed hands and names. You may need

a program to keep up with the movement of Windsprints around our members. *Flounder* is the father of the group. Always did and probably always will belong to Stan Blake. *Splinter* was built on a shoestring budget and no one other than Alex will ever tolerate the reason for her name. She really does leave splinters in you. In a boat where you sit on the bottom that isn't an endearing feature, *Yellowtail* is now with Nick and Faye and is called *Lucy's*. *Heel & Sole* went to Howard and Donna Ray who raced her as *Blue Magic*. *Karei* is a clammer in the Maggies with Anne & Ryerson's uncle. *Fluke*, *Nomad From Hell* and *Green Goblin* have not changed owners.

The fleet of Windsprint racers has remained intact for 2001. Of course, there will be a new addition and we will keep you informed as the project progresses.

Other Bolger Boats: Anko Hofland built a 25' Sharpie, *Lark*. Leonie Poore and Peter Bevan commissioned a Birdwatcher. We all enjoyed the running commentary. *Itchy & Scratchy* is Fraser Howell's Chebacco. It is always a treat to see and we've all enjoyed the stories that go with their adventures. Ryerson and Anne Clark threw together a Tortoise with a glass bottom panel for their grand daughter. Jack and Lois Bearden just finished a 15' Gypsy.

Kayaks & Baidarki (really, that's the plural): Wally Woodbury, Tred Avon Chesapeake Light Craft modified with a "pooch pouch". Bob Cowan, Chesapeake Light Craft. Jaimie Vanbuskirk, Chesapeake Light Craft. Fraser Howell, skin on frame West Greenland kayak. Anko Hofland, skin on frame baidarka (sans skin). Robert Fraser, several kayaks and

double-paddle boats of his own design. Anne & Ryerson Clark, two Aleutian baidarki modified to their taste. John Hill, Chesapeake Light Craft.

So Many Others: Richard Salsmen built a 15' Whilly Boat to Ian Oughtred's design. Enjnar Larsen did a fine job on a 26' Norfolk Island Sharpie. Larry King, an 8' rowboat. Ross Pottie a rowing/sailing 10' Martha's tender, *Emma K*. Barry Shearer, a stunning Percegrine rowing craft. Alex Chisholm spent two years building a 15' camp cruiser named *Raven*. Ken Lamb built *Chelsea Victoria*, a 16' ThomKat at the museum. David Keith had a 22' Brewers ketch built on the shores of Mahone Bay. Eric Vickers has an Acorn Dinghy. Michael Concannon finished a fine replica of a Petpeswick Dinghy. John Dixon constructed a real show stopper with his 16' Swampscott dory, *Faire Winds*. Doug Kernahan spent a lot of time on building his trawler yacht. Richard Greenwood built *Frisky Dog*, his design, a 19' lapstrake sailboat with very traditional fittings and rigging. Pat & Keith Nelder built *Cat Breton* a 17' Wittholz catboat and a Stickleback dory.

Wow, if you've been counting that's over 70 and these are only the boats built since the Association began that we know about. This doesn't include boats members owned when they joined. Obviously, I'm not keeping score and I'm sure there are some missing. We've had a very productive five years.

Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada, (902) 461-2416, <http://fox.nstn.ca/~swbans>, <swb_ans@fox.nstn.ca>



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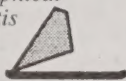
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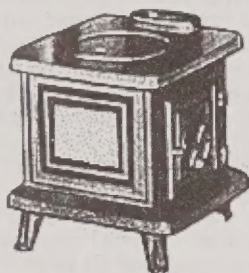
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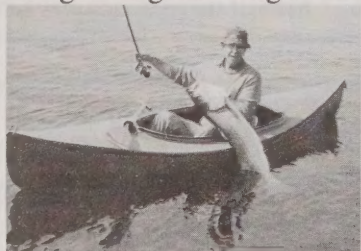


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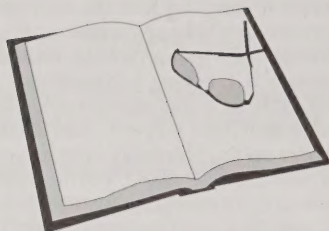
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Book Review

Before the Wind The Memoir of An American Sea Captain 1808-1833

By Charles Tyng

Edited by Susan Fels

Preface by William T. LaMoy

Afterword by Thomas Philbrick

Published by Viking Penguin 1999 and by

Penguin Books 2000

ISBN 0-670-88632-7 (hc.)

ISBN 0 14 02.9191 1 (pbk.)

Reviewed by James Broten

Many small boaters, including even those of us whose activities are limited to inland lakes, seem to have a deep interest in the days when sail was the only way of sea travel, and we try to satisfy that interest by reading fiction of the Horatio Hornblower tradition, or reading first hand accounts like the classic *Two Years Before the Mast*. Charles Tyng's *Before the Wind* is a lightly edited printing of his hand-written, 419 page manuscript, written late in his life, covering his boyhood years and his sea-going adventures through age thirty two. The original manuscript, preserved by his family, is now at the James Duncan Phillips Library, Peabody Essex Museum at Salem, Massachusetts.

Charles Tyng opens his narrative with a description of his boyhood which was cruelly disrupted at age seven with the death of his mother. He was sent to live with various relatives and then at various boarding schools, and was much restricted from contact with his siblings, even after his father re-married. He relates seeing some naval actions of the War of 1812 which were visible from the shore in

Boston.

With the end of that war, there was a resurgence of maritime activity, and as he was a haphazard student, Charles Tyng's father arranged for him to ship aboard the *Cordelia* for a voyage to China and thence around the world, with a stop in England before getting back home to Boston. Writing about the experience years later, the author remembers his anguish as a small, young boy in a rough, hard, dangerous environment, but also remembers many of the incidents of the voyage and recounts them with detail. He also describes those things he learned to do and he had pride in doing them well.

But, at the end of the narrative of this first voyage, he writes, "I was sick enough of the seas, and wanted to stay at home and study, but my father said I had chosen my profession and must stick to it, and that I must study navigation until I had a chance to go another (sic) voyage."

The book describes many other voyages as he matured and hardened and became mate and soon captain and even ship-owner at a young age. Adventures included contacts with pirates, mutinous crews, and close calls with the perils of storms at sea. In the narrative, there are descriptions of loss of life, and what I found to be a callous, hard reaction. He also described a hard attitude in dealing with difficult crew members; seemed almost as though he had forgotten his time as a crew member.

There are also some racist remarks which the editor left in in the interest of accuracy of that day's mores, but also he contrasted the hospitalities of white and a black merchants and he compared the black's hospitality favorably. I found of interest his descriptions of the choices of cargoes for his vessels, speculating on what would sell at good profits after arrival at the destination ports, and was amazed at his ability to remember prices and profits when he was writing these memoirs years later. Also, his ability to remember the countless names of his officers and crews, the merchants he dealt with, and the others he had met on his voyages, led me to speculate that perhaps he had kept journals, and the memoirs were a re-writing of the same.

His personal life he touched on but briefly; he records, "...and the cargo discharged, I put in a new foremast, overhauled the hull, sails and rigging for another voyage. I then was married to Miss Anna S. Arnold, the niece of Judge Wilde of the Superior Court in Massachusetts. Mr. Bridge proposed that I should go out to Havana..." He took his wife with him on more than one voyage, but she was ill with an unidentified malady and died after a short marriage; he described his feelings of loss and his mourning.

These memoirs terminate with his experiences in a cholera epidemic; he contracted the disease but was one of the few survivors. The introduction by the editor relates a second marriage to a teenage bride, and tells of the children from this union and indicates that it was a long happy marriage.

The editor, Susan Fels, is a family descendant of the author, and the editing is generally indicated with brackets, and there are many footnotes added, mostly to define obscure and nautical terms. Two words new to me were "adventure", used in a mercantile context, and "supercargo".

I recommend the book to MAIB readers; I found a copy at our local library.



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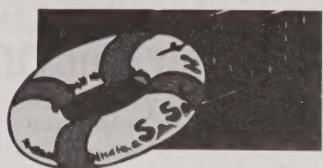
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Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

Motto

Motto, "A word or saying that expresses aims or guiding principles."

Some mottos have earned national recognition. Perhaps the best known is the Boy Scout's "Be Prepared". Aligned with it is the Coast Guard's "Semper Paratus", "Always Ready". In terms of boating safety they come to very much the same thing. If a boater is truly prepared he is always ready for whatever may happen on the waters be it inland lake, the IntraCoastal Waterway or the open ocean.

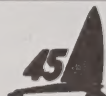
How can a boater "be prepared"? There are two clear answers. First, be trained in the operation of a vessel, the rules of the road, emergency procedures and the rest. A boating safety course offered by the Coast Guard Auxiliary or the United States Power Squadron, while no substitute for on-water experience, can make a significant difference in a skipper's ability to cope (and sometimes leads to a lesser

insurance premiums).

Second, be sure that the boat is properly equipped. A free "Vessel Safety Check" offered by the Auxiliary and the Power Squadron can help a boater be sure that his vessel has all the essential safety gear and it is in proper working order. During this past summer I checked nearly 700 boats and over half did not receive a safety decal the first time. Most common problems were out of date flares, navigation lights that did not work for one reason or another and dead fire extinguishers, all deficiencies that were easily correctable, all deficiencies that could have let to a real problem in an emergency situation. It's so easy to get a free vessel safety check and yes, Vessel Examiners do make house calls.

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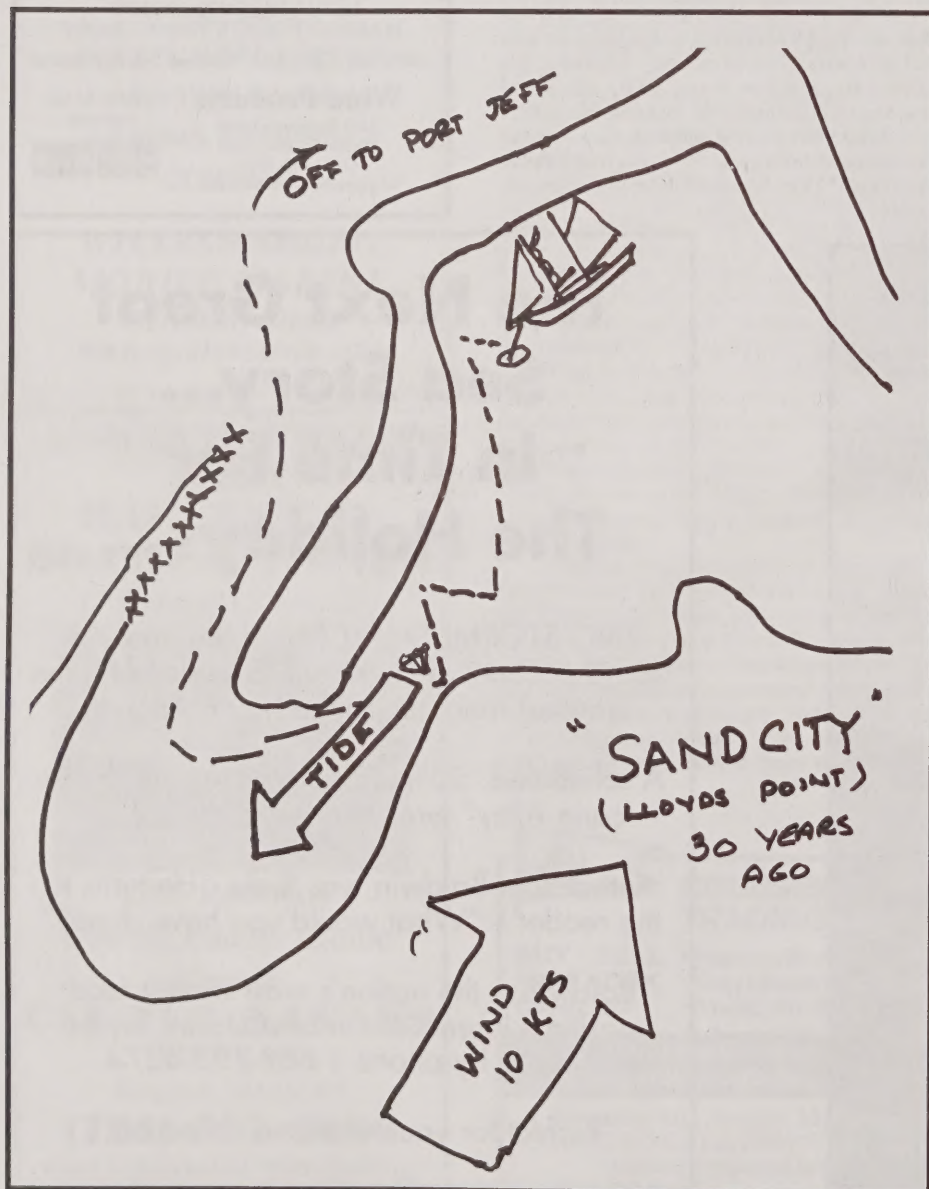
Author Tom Baldwin was there. He turns to the reader - "What would you have done?"

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Daniel White all tarted up in Sand City in 1961. Boot and sheer stripes were quickly abandoned. Note the fores'l furl'd in brails.



Single Handing A Schooner Out Of Sand City

By Foster Nostrand

"It'll take you longer to write about it, than to do it!" cracked my friend Hugo, "but it might be interesting. Not too many people doing that these days." So okay. If we're going ahead, lets make it in a schooner we know, say *Daniel White*, a 35' gaff rigged schooner I owned for 25 years.

What characteristics did she (he?) have that made it simpler to weigh anchor and sail out of Sand City (which is what we locals called the Sand Hole at Lloyd's Point 30 years ago). Everybody who cruises Long Island Sound knows the Sand Hole, a man-made sand mining pit, a 360 degree protected anchorage right out where we need it; in the center of the Sound. We Oyster Bay sailors considered it our private rendezvous.

Daniel White had a 5/16" all chain anchor rode, made manageable by a chain pawl 5' out on the bowsprit. It's a cliché to say the bowsprits help anchor work. But it's true! Also, the large forestays'l (FSS) was on a short club, so it was self-tending. The anchor was buoyed with a small float and maybe 29' of stout nylon cord. I found larger floats attracted kids and fishermen, who would trip my anchor inadvertently, tying to it or hauling it up. And away we'd all go (another story).

Since we don't try to sail out in adverse conditions, let's make them typical. Ten knot breeze from the southwest (usual in LIS in July), one into which, alas, we have to tack, but that's what blows in July. Let's wait for the tide to peak so it'll be outgoing with us, and have this popular place not too crowded.

Raise main and forestays'l (FSS), main sheeted loosely so the blocks slides easily over the travelers, FSS sheet with plenty of play. Raise the foresail which goes up in brails and is furl'd for our exercise. Tiller in the comb and amidships. We're on the foredeck and we back the FSS by holding the club back with our knees. The bow will swing off and the main drive her forward. We let the FSS come over and hold it close on this tack. The boat will move forward and then we let the FSS luff. The big gaff main will bring her through stays as we take up the anchor chain until the slack is out. The pawl holds it. Again, through stays and take up slack chain. Decide which tack we'd like to unmoor on and as the chain comes up and down let the boat break out the anchor.

Note: We haven't hauled the anchor or boat at all! We meantime have taken our trusty boat hook and brought the anchor trip line aboard to the pin rail. Now we haul (the only strenuous part) to let the anchor wash, back our FSS till we're definitely on our tack, we hope the starboard one. Then amble aft (in a hurry) with nonchalance to let the main out and keep the boat sailing. Trim sheets and head for the Sand City exit. Here might be a moment to remember the dangling, washing anchor and heave it aboard to lay athwartships by the pinrail.

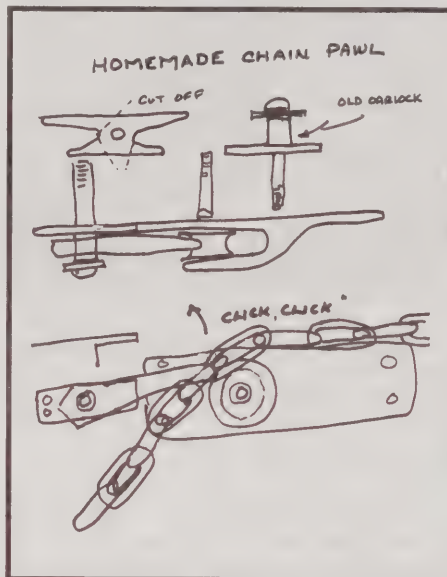
Our fores'l on *DW* is, as I've said, loose footed and is furl'd aloft in brails Unless we have to, we'll leave it alone until we get out.

In effect we're a sloop with widely spaced sails. Tide is ebbing and will give us a strong boost when we need it to tack at the tight spot. As we know, going aground on a falling tide is not recommended. Particularly here, where all the traffic will see us and laugh. There used to be a tri-piling at the tight spot and it was best to keep it to port but closely. Several times I had to fend it off and it looked, someone said, like, "you were trying to move the pilings!" Anyway they're long gone.

Hopefully we've made it in one tack boosted by the tide. Maybe not. Then the handiness of the spread out main and FSS, gives us good leverage for short tacks. The tide will really give us a kick here. Out the main channel could be dicey in one port tack but happily the beach shelves steeply and we've plenty of water right close to the eastern bank. We have a moment to look around. Exactly nobody is watching this exquisite exercise in seamanship. There is a nasty man-made reef on the western (port side) and promontory to the north east. Pinch and give both what room there is. 'Course when we get out we'll realize there is very little wind and the Sound is lumpy at the Point with tide and powerboat wakes so, after all that showoff seamanship maybe we'll crank up the diesel...

Whoops! Wait there is Mike King's real "Three O'Clock Breeze" just starting up; a good substantial southwester, and with this tide we can make Port Jeff in a couple hours. So break out and sheet home the fores'l. Get the fisherman aloft and watch the wind die entirely!

It would be nice to have the engine just ticking over while doing this stuff, but thirty years ago there were a gang of loonies in Oyster Bay who would be somewhere around and sneer at such pusillanimity. They included Jan Gielick, Oliver Moore, Sy Dubin, Al Scanella, Larry Aimie, Drayton Cochran (RIP), Hugo van der Heide, Al Revoir, Lou Phillips, Michael King, Corry Palmer, all in wooden boats. Anybody know these cuckoos? If so, let 'em know I haven't hit the Deadly Seawall yet.

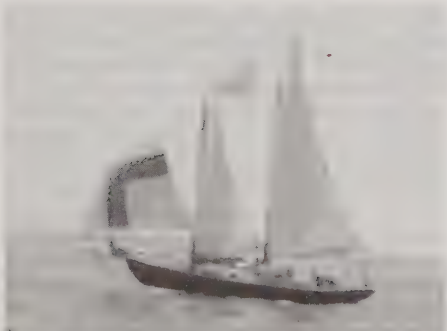


Daniel White hauled out at Cochran's. Wouldn't you know, the chain pawl is on the starboard side, but you can just see the "catcher".



This cocky helmsman, now 35 years old, conning *Daniel White* out of Sand City under power. At eight years he could hand, reef and steer. I dunno about now.

Getting decent pictures of your own boat under sail is hard to do. Here are three.



Racing in the Mayor's Cup Schooner Race in 1964 off the Narrows in New York City. We hoisted a square main tops'l on the downwind leg!



Flying the fisherman and big jenniker going to Mystic in 1965.



Under main and forestays'l in Oyster bay in 1968.

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Part 1: In the fall of '99 I talked to a fellow who was interested in my catboat and I said, maybe she isn't the boat you want but you can always come for a sail, so he did. I had got the engine running and the day was perfect. We reached around and then started the engine and went in to the mooring, talking the while about the history and handling of the boat. He said he'd sleep on it and call me back. The next evening he called saying he had talked to a number of people about buying this boat, "prepared to ignore their warnings", but what he got was "cautious encouragement", so he bought her on the condition that I sail her to Padanarum with him.

Labor Day weekend Dennis threatened but stayed south, so we set our plan to take Aunt Lydia to Padanarum. He came Friday afternoon and stayed aboard after adding gas to the tank. I was there at 7am Saturday and we headed out only to find that the engine was overheating for lack of water flow, so back to the mooring to overhaul the cooling system until 3pm. All this time there was hardly any wind, so Aunt Lydia really didn't want to go anyway.

Motoring out at 3pm we were just outside the Neck when air started to ruffle the water so we raised sail and shut down the old Atomic 2 for a great sail on the wind across the wide maw of Boston Harbor. After the sun set behind Boston and it began to get dark, it was on with the lights and the engine. The wind died as we powered along with the lights of the shore to the west and a bank of fog just to the east along our course for the Canal.

Plymouth juts out into the rhumb line and when we made our little jog out to clear the breakwater and a dredge at anchor there was an orange light to the east. Turning out for a look, we watched the light become a triangle and then slowly the crescent moon rose above the water. The fog had lifted, and shortly great black holes of clear air filled with diamonds of stars opened overhead. Orion and the Pleades were rising as they do when fall is coming on. Now we were opening up the Canal entrance hoping that dawn would come for the view.

Here again the old cat had shown her skill for not only had she waited for the wind at Marblehead, but she had been reading Eldridge and timed the Canal passage perfectly. We entered the Canal with a little current against us, fishermen scrambling over the rocks to cast as dawn broke. By the second bridge the current was with us sweeping us along, past Mass Maritime and out the Hog Island Channel.

Here again we were in luck as breeze came up out of the east, soon blowing about 20kts as we reached down the bay for Padanarum. It blew enough so I was ready to reef, and the new owner could see that operation underway. Upon making the harbor, the engine started right up so we furled the sails and brought her in to unload, find her mooring, and then our ride back, tired but pleased with the passage.

Part 2: The next week a friend of mine came into my shop one afternoon saying he had just been out in Salem Harbor and saw this boat he couldn't believe. Beautiful. Great sheer. Solid looking hull but the varnish looking like someone had died, abandoned. There was a "For Sale" sign hanging on her stern. He wanted me to go out for a look so I did. I had been looking at the ads and thought for sure she was the 33' Albert Strange gaff rigged



Some Boats Know What To Do

By Thad Danielson

yawl listed by Cannell, Paine, and Page, and of course she was.

Talking to the owner (not dead, just unable to cope) and confirming his low asking price, he said go out, look her over, and call him back if I want to make an offer. So out I went again, finding only the most minor structural problems, and called back to make what I thought was a low but reasonable offer, one maybe I could handle, worth a try for this vessel. He said he would think about it over the weekend.

Tuesday he had not called and Floyd was headed this way so I called again saying if he was going to sell *Sea Harmony* to me I wanted to know so I could go out and secure her against the coming storm. We talked and I asked what he was thinking. "I was looking at your website," he says and wondered what the 13' Beach Cruiser was worth. When I said that she had been my show boat for the last five years so she was not new, but what I had been asking for her most recently would bring my offer up to just about what he had been asking, he said that was about what he thought. So the deed was done. Well, not quite done yet but soon. Wonderful boat. And all my boats for sale gone in one fell swoop.

Part 3: Now the process began of bringing her back to life, not that she was dead, she just looked it. So I got the engine going and discovered that the shaft couplings were broken. She has a Volvo MD1B, single cylinder diesel, running well but I had to unbolt the broken couplings and their fittings to facilitate installation of a new coupling. While doing that and waiting for parts, I scraped and sanded brightwork, and began laying on varnish, actually Epifanes Gloss Wood Finish. All this was on the mooring out in the middle of Salem Harbor, much of it with the help of friends. By the time I had sorted out the shaft coupling, the brightworks all had at least three coats of finish, the deck canvas was painted, and the mizzen boom and foresail club had

been in the shop getting six coats of varnish.

Ownership transferred and boat registered, engine running and connected, looking much better above the rails; it was now time to haul her out and work on the hull, whatever she needed. After running her around the corner to the old lower Graves Yard of the Marblehead Trading Company, there was more water coming in around the sternpost than before so I figured some caulking was in order. After she was lifted from the water at the end of the day, the crew left me with the pressure washer. For almost two hours I went over her getting more than a wheelbarrow load of mussels, barnacles, crabs, and fish off, with the algae and slime. The next morning she was set up for work.

Except for the caulking question (and she was generally very tight) the only problem I could see was that the heel of the deadwood that had supported and protected the rudder had been cut right off at some time. While I worked to fashion a replacement piece from an old block of longleaf pine, a friend of mine reefed the old caulk out of the sternpost seam. The next day another friend was sanding the topsides while I fitted my fabrication for installation, then he backed while we peened copper bolts through bronze straps to hold the lot in place, and then I caulked while he kept sanding. Finishing the sanding the next day, two of us got a coat of paint on her, top and bottom, not so easy to do with the stream of visitors, despite their compliments and encouragement.

The yard is busy this time of year hauling and storing boats and I didn't want to take advantage of their kindness in hauling me in their busy time, but I wanted to do a proper job of it, so I called in a woman who paints names and numbers on boats. If *Sea Harmony* was to have her looks back, she was going to have her name back too, and her new call. I got a second coat of paint on her, but rain delayed the sign painter and I took advantage of the delay to replace lines, blocks, and shackles. Heavy dew slowed the work again so I bent on the main and foresail while *Sea Harmony* was painted on the bow. The next day the port of call went on, *Marblehead*, across the stern, and overboard we went.

My friend who had sanded and painted with me came down to see her splash, and she was doing fine, having been out only a week and three days. A little adjustment of the stuffing box got that set and everything was quite tight. After lunch we started her up and motored out of Little Harbor. Now, it was blowing, a good twenty knots of wind, onshore so the chop was building as the wind rose. The mizzen varnish had been cracked, crazed, or gone, and we had to pull it out to get her into the crane's slings, so the mizzen was in the shop for varnish (three coats to date, three to come).

In that wind, with the boat just back in the water reefing might have been in order anyway (we thought so, but what did we know?) so it was to be main and club foresail. Her little Volvo was barely pushing her into the chop while we raised sail. With a little turn to port the sails filled and she fairly took off and left the motor behind, shut down. There were places where the chop got a little boost and the trough was deep; she plunged a little but never put her bow under. We were pretty much on a broad reach, NE with a SE wind, between the islands going for the far shore of

the Sound. Heeled but not rail down she drove steadily on, rolling a little when a big chop of sea came along but charging along with the drive of standing up added to the wind.

Didn't we have to find out how she did to windward after all? So we headed east toward Gloucester out the channel where the swells coming in rise over the ledges below. This too was her element. We took a little light spray into the cockpit, but *Sea Harmony* wormed her way over and through the chop smooth as one could ask. With the breeze swinging just a little easterly we took our tack, reaching outside Baker's Island, the biggest in the Sound with most of its summer cottages shut up for the season, then back toward the channel for home.

We had to find the mooring I have the use of and pick up my dinghy at the dock, so we doused the foresail as we came in and found the mooring, sailing with the main alone. With her secured to the mooring, we dropped the main and got everything battened down before motoring sedately over and back, dinghy in tow.

It was kind of a trial by fire with all that wind, but she seemed quite perfect to me. Checking her bilges I had no cause for concern, so we left her to await further adventures, including quiet slow days like a couple of days later on a slightly longer course taking over twice the time but good fun all the way. Even with the jib up I looked forward to getting her mizzen back in her partners for the balance and added drive.

Part 4: I said I was going to have *Sea Harmony* at Mystic Seaport for the Wooden Boat Show in June, 2000, and so I did.

After a week of preparation, in the way of paint, varnish, and stores, we left the dock with my two crew members and their gear just before 8am Tuesday, June 20, 2000. With a light wind we motored away and then raised all working sail as we left Marblehead astern, tops'l included. We had 16 hours before the current was in our favor in the Cape Cod Canal some fifty miles ahead, so speed was not a factor and we cruised smoothly along.

I wanted two for crew, because "set up day" for the show was Thursday and I planned to sail through. With three aboard, one could sleep while two kept the boat and themselves company. Neighbors and friends, Jack Arnold (without much sailing experience but interested) and Frank Scully (from a Marblehead sailing family) were my crew.

With dusk the wind dropped away and we motored on. Jack had had the helm much of the day and said he wanted to see the Canal but then get some sleep. I had served lunch and then napped off and on until dinner. After we motored into the Canal both Frank and Jack asked if I would be all right with the watch, and went below for shuteye. It was a beautiful night, the Canal is well lit, and there was little traffic, so we chugged into Buzzard's Bay in one of its most benign moods. As dawn broke, Jack emerged followed shortly by Frank. We got sail up and breakfasted as the morning breeze came on out of the south.

As we approached the Hen and Chicken's Rocks at the southwestern limit of the Bay, the breeze was building and swinging ahead of us, so we threaded our way through the hazardous rocks and carried on WSW with Rhode Island to starboard. To make Point Judith we needed a true SW course, dead on the wind, and the rising seas were getting crazy over the

shoaling bottom so we started the motor to weather our mark. This was around noon on Wednesday.

Sea Harmony was doing fine with the fish traps, the sloppy seas, and the wind, but then the motor failed. We found some real problems with the fuel filter and we would need the motor to get into Mystic for the show, so we turned with our main reefed down and ran for Newport. Calling a friend on the cell phone we were advised to take a rental mooring with the Old Port launch service, so we called them on the radio as we entered the harbor. Heading up into what was now a gale of wind we furled the main and turned to run around the mooring field. Conning for the indicated buoy under fores'l and mizzen, we picked it out, headed across, and settled down to take care of business.

With *Sea Harmony* secure, Frank and I took the launch in and found the chandlery in search of a new fuel filter. They had to order the part for delivery the next morning, so we went back to get Jack ashore for an early dinner. We all slept well that night while the gale howled in the rigging. I was up at 3am and the wind was still blowing, but by 5:30am everything was quiet. We took the first launch in at 7am and went to the Seamen's Institute for a shower and breakfast. The chandlery didn't expect our filter until 9:30am, so we walked the town, looking at the boats around the International Yacht Restoration School, before going in to await the delivery truck.

Fuel filter and assorted accessories in hand and back aboard, we made the installation (really, Frank was the man of the moment in all of this). We were ready by 11am, the SW breeze was coming on again and we dropped the mooring, wanting to beat out of Narragansett Bay before the seas built up. That wasn't entirely successful, but *Sea Harmony* was up to the challenge and in six tacks we weathered Point Judith. Still the south by west bearing to Watch Hill was too close for comfort and it was 7pm before we were into Fisher's Island Sound and could bear off for a booming sail to Noank, Connecticut, the entrance of the river to Mystic. Using a spotlight we followed the buoys in to the railroad bridge. It was closed for the night. We might have been able to ask for an opening but instead we anchored just out of the channel, had supper, and bedded down for morning.

Up at 5:30am, we had breakfast and cleaned *Sea Harmony* for the Show, waiting for the bridge openings. Then we were through and took our parade of one around the Seaport to the waiting berth, where we squeezed in without too much mishap. The Show was opening in a few minutes so my crew finished the cleaning job while I went off for our credentials. They had her washed down beautifully when I got back. I got out my box of materials, hung my sign, raised the Albert Strange burgee, and was ready for the crowds.

Part 5: Doing shows has always been a curious exercise for me. This was the first time I had not brought a boat I had built, the first time I came with a big boat, and the first time I didn't bring a boat for sale. However, I have never sold a boat at a show so the boat is more a vehicle for conversation, and what better than *Sea Harmony*. Lots of people came for the three days, lots of tourists some of whom look and some of whom don't, some want to talk and some don't, and then there were my "Strange" encounters.

Saturday a fellow came up and said, "Do you know that there is a Wenda in a shed in the middle of Australia? The only Wenda, built three years ago and drying out." (For a look at Wenda see Phil Bolger's cover story in our October 1, 2000 issue. Ed.).

"Didn't know that."

"Never been in the water. I have a picture of her here." He pulled out a picture of a beautiful little blue painted yawl. He went away.

Half an hour later a couple was looking at my display with its description of *Sea Harmony* and the membership form. "Are you a member?" he asked.

"Yes indeed!"

"We own a Wenda."

"Now that is curious! Half an hour ago there was a fellow here telling me the only Wenda is going to hell in a shed in the middle of Australia."

"That's our boat!"

I invited them aboard immediately and John and Susan Dikeman came aboard. They had a look around and we sat in the cockpit talking Strange talk about the friends they were on the way to visit, about their Wenda that is now closer to the water receiving the attention it needs to be in commission, about topsails, and generally having a fine time. "G'day mate."

Shortly after the Dikemans left a fellow came up who is an artist living in Providence, Rhode Island, a member of the Albert Strange Association because of the paintings more than the boats. His smile filled his face as he sat in the cockpit. A little later still a couple stopped, asking if this were an Albert Strange boat. "We don't have a boat, we have a painting!"

"Welcome aboard!" Again what nice people. They have "Scarborough Harbour at Sunset", a watercolor listed in the Leather book. They found the painting unframed in a pile of drawings at an auction. They said that their plan is to leave the painting to the ASA because their family isn't interested. Fine thought however things turn out. Those were my real "Strange" encounters.

Maynard Bray has known *Sea Harmony* since she was in Maine in the late '70s and told me I should keep her. Jim Hadden, another boat builder, said he had sailed in her with Buzz Trip once and it was one of the memorable events of his life. There was a couple who asked to see her accommodations because he is building a 30' Walter McGinnis designed boat. They talked about looking at beamier boats with more room but no more storage or real useful space. These boats would have a wider center aisle, still not wide enough for a table, so you would just be sitting farther away from your company and the space might be dangerous in a seaway, where in *Sea Harmony* there is a handrail on the inside of the starboard cabin trunk and you can easily reach both sides from the walkway.

By Sunday of the three day Show, my delivery crew had left, Frank on Friday and Jack on Saturday. My stepson-in-law, John Kubek, was coming by train Sunday afternoon to make the passage back to Marblehead with me. I had been spending some time every day looking at other boats and displays, talking to people, and buying a few tools, books and pieces of gear. There had been gales around the region Wednesday when we were coming down, and all spring had seen lots of cold wet days with NE winds. Now it was summer and

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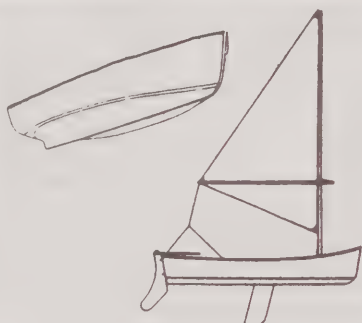
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the Show saw only beautiful weather. Then the Show was over. We packed everything away to be ready to leave in the morning. I talked to a few more people, and we went out for dinner before sleep.

Part 6: Monday morning dawned with fog and plenty of it. Just after 7am we joined the line of boats going through the bridges and then picking the way out the channel. We stopped at the fuel dock in Noank, hoping that the fog might lift while we filled our stores. It was not to be, so we left the dock and felt our way out, watching the bottom, the compass, and the buoys until we were clear of the shore.

Navigating with the GPS, we watched for buoys, and heard bells and horns on marks we never saw. The current was with us so we swept through the Watch Hill Passage into Block Island Sound and the Atlantic swells in good time despite the careful progress. Motoring in the circle of fog with swell running, John said, "I'm feeling a little green," and suffered the rest of the day unable to do anything. All day we were within easy sight of land, but only had a brief view of a beach on the Rhode Island shore in the early afternoon as the SW breeze began to make up again. With a little more wind I raised sail and shut the old Volvo down, reaching for Buzzards Bay.

I had been on watch all day and night was coming on fast as we approached the Hen and Chicken's Rocks. Wanting rest and supper, and not wanting to be searching out an anchorage alone in the dark, I decided to take what shelter I could behind the rocks and Horseneck Point. Rounding up inside the point, I sheeted the mizen in to keep her head up, dropping the mainsail, and got the anchor on deck and hanging from the roller on the bowsprit. Sheet- ing in the foresail and easing the mizzen we reached a little further down the shore. I got out the lead and sounded a rattle over 20' of water with a mud bottom. The fog had come back by this time and I couldn't see where the land was, so I dropped the anchor, let out a hundred feet of line, and found that we were holding before furling the sails and working on food and rest.

Looking out in the middle of the night, I saw that lights shone bright from houses behind the beach, the fog was gone though the wind was still blowing strong out of the SW. With the seas curling around the point, ours was an uncomfortable berth and no relief for John. When dawn broke at 5am, I raised the foresail, broke out the anchor and ran up the Bay with the anchor catted to drop again. Tucking behind the first bold peninsula offering shelter from the seas, I dropped the anchor again, on another 20' deep mud bottom. Now John could get a little relief and I could take care of business.

When I had tried to start the engine the night before, it didn't turn over. Checking that out, I found that the belts were loose from the starter/generator to the flywheel, so I knew that was easy. I got breakfast. Then I retightened the belts and got the engine going. I had listened to the weather forecast of thunderstorms late in the day, and was speaking almost to myself about our options when John emerged saying he felt much better.

We were 13 miles from the channel leading into the Cape Cod Canal; the wind was fair, and the timing was right for the current, so we went for it, running with the foresail and motor at 6kts. With the current in the Canal we were going 10 and 11 knots and reached

Cape Cod Bay shortly after 2pm. We could have sat the afternoon in the Sandwich Marina waiting for the forecast strong thunderstorms, but we had the SW breeze still blowing and there were no storms in sight, so on we drove, shutting down the engine and raising the mainsail.

John had been holding tight to the tiller all day, holding off any relapse, so I went below for some rest. Around 6pm I get the call that something is happening. Actually, the wind had died so little was happening, but we could see the wall of cloud ahead. I got the engine going again, so we forged ahead as I took in the sails. We got foul weather gear on and were ready for whatever came. Thunder rumbled in the distance. A quick blast of wind from the east brought showers as we entered the foggy circle.

Suddenly it was a tropical downpour, flattening the seas in the most beautiful way. The drops that drove the sharp edges off the chop, raised a mist close to the water that just glowed. Wilson's storm petrels flitted through this scene and later a pair of sooty shearwaters. After the first half hour rain, we had steady showers during which we could hear a ship pass too close, just seeing a few containers through the fog. Glad I had hoisted the radar reflector before we left Mystic. We had another spell of downpour before the rain gradually became showers and then quit altogether.

With the sun breaking the clouds just before setting, I called home to say we were on our way for a night time arrival. John suggested that maybe we should check the fuel tank and refill, so as not to run out in the dark. I had been watching the oil pressure slowly drop through the day, so that sounded good to me. When I shut the engine down and it was on its last turn, there was a strange clunk that could have been the starter motor flange falling off the block or the flywheel pulling one of the fan belts up past the front of the oil pan.

Whatever the source of the sound, the meaning was clear in terms of motoring through the night, sail it was and we had no wind. I called home again to revise our time of arrival. As I was talking on the phone a little westerly breeze came on so I rung off to raise sail. John continued to sail while I had supper and got on dry warm clothes. Then I took over and John finally went below for rest.

What a beautiful night. The light breeze carried us easily on our course just west of north. Very early I picked up the green of Marblehead light on our bearing, first with binoculars and then by eye. The lights of the shore rolled along our port side until the first light of dawn showed over Cape Ann. Fishing boats were heading out for the day. The moon appeared to the east as the glorious colors of sunrise lit the clouds breaking away over the Atlantic. There in the light were the familiar shapes of the islands and headlands of home.

We came up to the dock at 6am. John went home and I went for the oars, so I could get back from the mooring in the dinghy. Then I raised the foresail to catch the breath of air off the land to run for the mooring. I made myself a cup of tea and a pan of oatmeal before tidying up, packing a few things in the dinghy, and rowing in, the end of my first cruise in *Sea Harmony*.

(Thad Danielson builds, restores and repairs traditional wooden boats as Redd's Pond Boatworks, 1 Norman St., Marblehead, MA 01945)

Bodega Bay is the next protected harbor south of Noyo Harbor, but it was too far, 80 miles, for one day, so I planned to pull into the cove just around Pt. Arena. It was another strenuous day with large swells and lots of NW wind. At least the wind and waves were more or less behind me. Once again, we did a lot of surfing and sloshing in the 10' swell. Pretty to watch the seas and fun for a while, but after a few hours, it became tiring, since I had to hang on all the time, especially when I had to steer continually, and quite carefully too, to avoid the tendency to broach, which, though not dangerous, was a time and energy waster.

So, it was a relief to finally enter the so-called cove. This was truly a hairy harbor. First we had to travel in past the kelp as far as possible. When in as close as possible, there were 3' - 4' breakers crashing on the beach on both sides of my anchorage about 150' to the south and about 300' to the north. But, the intimidating impact of the breakers was mitigated some by the presence of surf riders playing on the waves! I thought, "If they can take it on those little boards, I sure can on this six-ton *Flamingo*." But of course they were not going to try to sleep on their boards.

At least it was sunny and pleasant in there with maybe a ten-knot breeze from the west. Not too much for my skiff. A tall dock with a steel ladder or two down to the water beckoned, leading to terra firma and maybe a good cup of coffee. I launched the skiff, took along a long 1/4" line for the skiff so I could tie up but let her float a long way from the dock in the wind so's not to bang the skiff too much. Hopefully, the wind wouldn't change and allow the skiff to get tangled up among the pilings.

It was a good piece of exercise, rowing in the wind, tying off the skiff, then climbing up the ladder and over the rail onto the 25' high dock. It was a pleasure to stretch tired legs walking on solid planks in the warm sun, after a long day on an active sea.

The teenage kids running the store at dock's end were typical California kids. Casual to the point of irritation, but full of self-esteem, they finally noticed me and did me the favor of taking my money. They were, of course, fully occupied with their own concerns. "Ho hum, running a store is such a bore, and I'm so cute, I really don't have time for this!" seemed to be the message between the lines. Any comment from me would, I felt, meet with a total lack of interest, so I offered none, went for a short walk, and had a lie down in the shade of an oak tree. Then, I found a phone, called Marcia, found her warm, friendly and interested in my progress as usual, a very understanding wife and best friend.

Then back to the ship for supper and hopefully some rest. I climbed down the ladder with grocery bag held in teeth, pirate style. At least it was all done in the daylight; it could have been worse in the dark. The breakers sounded ominous and awfully close in the dark, but mercifully, they mitigated during the night and I did get some sleep, a good four hours, probably. Stars were glorious, first time I'd seen them for weeks, it seemed.

"Any port in a storm, 'eh guys?" I said to my electronic friends first thing in the dawn. "OK, well good enough, got some sleep anyway, let's get the hell out'a here." Then to the

29 Days Before the Mast The Cruise of the *Flamingo* Seattle to Santa Barbara In 55 Days

By Jeff Douthwaite

"It's not in the final destination, it's in every day, the joy in life is found along the way."

morning chores; entering the day's way points on GPS, checking engine's oil, listening to weather report, hoisting and securing the skiff, motoring up to the anchor, pulling and cleating it tight, pulling it loose with the engine, hoisting it over the roller and onto the rear deck. Then, puffing heavily, checking for loose ends and lines in the prop, finally pulling Brutus into gear and we're off, a good, vigorous way to start the day. Soon, we are in the real ocean waves again and it's exhilarating, fresh, and fun. Enjoying *Flamingo's* graceful motion once again. Communing with it all.

We arrived at Bodega Bay about 16:30, moving slower than usual today because of a north-going current, apparently. Although *Charlie's Charts* advised against it, I went inside of Bodega Rock since it was calm enough and I saw another cruiser take that short cut. No problem, it was about 35' deep, and we saved a mile or two. *Charlie's Charts* is very conservative, as it should be. Entrance to Bodega Bay is extremely well marked. I have never seen so many buoys. It's like driving up a freeway, without all the traffic. Another unique thing about Bodega is that the marina watchman has a key for the shower, the only one. He lets women in too. I wonder if peeking is one of his fringe benefits. Marlene does too. Later, she provides Peter and me with a delicious spaghetti dinner on the *Ka'sala*. Peter has got it well organized, a beautiful woman on a beautiful boat. And, she's a good cook. Now if I can just persuade Marcia to see how comfy all this is.

Point Arena Cove to Bodega Bay

Off to Bodega Bay about 08:00. In thick fog 'til about 13:30, then we saw the lovely beach. Nice to have a number of waypoints en route, makes it seem more like progress is being made. We pass by Arena, Havens, Fish, Ross, and Bodega waypoints, names I had attached to them and given to GPS. Elmer apparently has lost his rudder feedback and goes hard over. Most annoying, so I steer by hand.

After my lunch of honey, bread, and luke-warm cocoa, I feed hungry seagulls which circle around *Flamingo* beautifully. Seals and sea otters played and jumped out of the water, apparently for my benefit. "Thanks a lot, guys; you are beautiful. Nice dancing!" I shout.

Bodega Bay to Bolinas Bay

Peter and Marlene were planning to visit friends in San Francisco and stay there a while. I was eager to press on to Santa Barbara, so we said our goodbyes rather sadly. Marlene gave me a quart of stew she had made, as a parting gift. So after showering, and shaving

in the Spud Marina of Bodega Bay, turning in my key, *Flamingo* shoved off, out of the Bay and ran into more fog. Visibility was relatively good though, about one mile.

I planned to spend the night at Drake's Bay, just around and in the lee of Point Reyes, but much later as we slowly rounded the massive huge headland of Point Reyes, there was only fog in the Drake's Bay area. Farther east, the sun was cheerfully shining, however, so we pressed on to the more inviting area of Balinas Bay, only about nine miles from San Francisco! It was certainly more pleasant to be in the sun, but I suspect it is a less desirable anchorage with lots of swells rolling in all night. At least, that was the case on Tuesday, 10/21/97. It was an uncomfortable night to say the least. I probably got two hours good sleep, if that. But, as Dana wrote in *Two Years Before the Mast*, sailors are always short of sleep.

Balinas to Sausalito

I was glad to finally see the dawn arise after a miserable night of rolling in Balinas Bay. Not wanting to tangle with lots of shipping traffic, I was ambivalent about entering San Francisco bay. Eventually I decided, if weather good, yes; otherwise, no. Dodging heavy traffic in the fog is not my idea of fun. As it turned out, the traffic was light, fog was only hazy, so, "Why not; let's go on in there, and get some pics of the famous bridge with *Flamingo* underneath," I said. So we chugged on in.

Seeing the Golden Gate Bridge rising out of the mist was a mild thrill. It is so immense it seems to take a long time to traverse under it. Also, the ebbing tide slowed us down. Many white, speeding cruisers skipped and splashed along heading out, seemingly contemptuous of the waves; out to fish, I suppose. Finally, we made it to what I thought was Sausalito and I turned in to tie up to a rather decrepit float. After walking over to the main building there, I was told this was a private yacht club, and Sausalito was on around the corner farther in.

So off we went, to find the famous shallow bay with what seemed like thousands of small vessels of all kinds moored and anchored in the shallows. Tired and wanting coffee and breakfast, I found only "No Trespassing" and "Private" signs. It seemed altogether inhospitable. After searching around half an hour for a legal spot, I ignored the bloody signs, tied up and went ashore to a deli for a breakfast. It was still early and nobody seemed to care.

After breakfast of coffee and a blueberry muffin, we found the Chevron fuel dock and were told the price was \$1.94 per gallon! "Are you going to do this to me without a gun?" I asked. He was. So I bought only the minimum necessary to get to Half-Moon Bay and was off again. Sausalito, though posh in part, seemed something like a junkyard for derelicts, many old things were anchored out there obviously neglected, some actually sinking.

Sausalito to Half-Moon Bay

The trip out of San Francisco Bay, around Seal Rocks, and down to Half-Moon Bay was uneventful, but pleasant. The west beach, with its expansive white sand, looked beautiful and the surf was pretty. The mass of white stucco cottages on the long western hillside, were vintage San Francisco.

Half-Moon Bay Marina was colorful, well managed, and pleasant. Less pretentious

than Sausalito; gasoline at Half-Moon Bay was much less costly. People running the local breakfast cafe by the marina were enjoying swing music, laughing in the sunshine, and it seemed more like we had finally arrived in warm comfy, laid-back California. The previous night, I enjoyed a beer and a cheeseburger while watching World Series baseball at the local nightclub. Expensive, but worth it. After many a minimal lunch at sea of peanut butter and/or honey sandwiches, and water, I felt I deserved a break.

Half-Moon Bay to Santa Cruz

Today we experienced yet another lively northwest wind and chop. Thank goodness we're going south, it would be much more arduous going north. San Pedro Point looks like a dinosaur with teeth coming out to meet the ships at sea.

As expected, Santa Cruz harbor was popular and crowded. The harbor master answered my radio call with, "Find a similar vessel to raft up to, and tie onto it." I found a big steel fishing vessel, the *Reliance*, and tied to her. The men on board were casual but friendly enough. I thanked them and said I'd only be here one night.

Elmer, the old Bendix autopilot, was still sick, but I thought I had figured what ailed him. It was that the flexible cable, which provides feedback from the rudder, was slipping. Whenever I adjusted the cable and reassembled it, he would work okay for about five minutes, then the flexible-cable would slip, and Elmer would steer hard over, left or right. So I tried to find a new cable in Santa Cruz. No luck. Later, in Monterey at a NAPA store, I explained the problem to a mechanic-salesman who quickly understood and sold me the right part, a speedometer cable, for \$7.50. I installed this and it worked very well. From Monterey south, Elmer steered practically all the way, which was a lovely rest for me.

Looking at a salty, old fishing boat, a "Monterey trawler" and her skipper of a similar vintage in Santa Cruz, was interesting. I asked if he had ever had a wave come in over her stern. "Hell no, and it never will neither," he responded.

"I was just wondering. Her stern looks a bit low to me."

"No, because you know what to do whenever it gets that rough don't you?"

"What?" I asked.

"Just dip a mop in oil and put it over the side. That flattens down the waves real good."

Then I persisted, "But is that legal?"

"If it saves your life, it's legal," he said. He had me there.

On Tempting Fate

My lawyer-skipper son Charlie, though not a superstitious fellow, likes to say, "Don't tempt fate," usually when, too late, I just did. I thought of this after a conversation in Half-Moon Bay while fuelling up. The man there asked, "What have you got there, a gas engine?"

"Yes, an old Chrysler-Crown," I answered.

"Boy, it's been a long time since I've seen one of them, she must be getting old."

"Yeah, old but good, she'll run forever," I foolishly added.

"Well, I dunno about that," he said. Too late, I noticed I had tempted fate again. About one hour later, as we were well out at sea head-

ing for Santa Cruz, sure as fate, the engine died. Makes you wonder.

Naturally, having just fueled up, I suspected dirty fuel, so I blew out the filters, which seemed clean. They were. It made no difference. Brutus still refused to start. After checking the spark and finding none, the coil checked out all right. I found some grease on the rotor connection. Cleaned this with gasoline, and soon Brutus was running again. Makes you wonder, does tempting fate cause problems? I can't believe it, but on the other hand...

The Big Sur Coast, Monterey to Pfeiffer Cove

I had told Marcia I would take Saturday off to explore Monterey and commune with the spirit of John Stienbeck, one of my heroes, who has made Monterey famous with his book, *Cannery Row*. But on Saturday, Monterey was too crowded with tourists, so after breakfast in a crowd, we were soon off in splendid isolation again to points south, maybe Carmel, and maybe further on south-east.

I had installed the new conical clamp in Elmer's feedback wire and was interested to check that, too. The weather was still beautiful, we enjoyed the view of the golf courses off Cypress Point in the warm sun. Elmer was working well again and it seemed too early to stop at Carmel, so we bypassed that pretty place and headed for Point Sur, which looked like an island in the far distance. The Big Sur headlands steadily rose in height, we chugged on at about the 30-fathom line. Finally, had a good look at Point Sur, rounded it, and on to massive Pfeiffer Point behind which we planned to anchor for the night. It was too far to continue on to San Simeon in one day.

Pfeiffer headlands offered good protection from the NW swell; we tucked on in past the kelp and anchored, all alone. I throw the anchor in from the stern where it is stored, but today I lead the anchor rode up to the bow and cleat it. This allows *Flamingo* to better point into the wind, thus reducing her rolling. Lights from two homes high up the cliff side came on that night. It was an awesome, lonely place. The Milky Way was bright and some good phosphorescence was enjoyed. I was too lazy to launch the skiff to go for a walk on the beach, and there was no phone available to call Marcia, so I sacked out and listened to music from San Luis Obispo on the radio to mitigate the loneliness. Awoke in the black of night, checked the anchor line; all's well, I feel alert, alive, cautious, wary, and strong, probably as we were meant to be, in the natural wild world.

Pfeiffer to San Simeon

Piedras Blancas (white rocks) looked like two pretty, white sails in the sunrise. I bet they gave some scares to the first Spanish, Russian, and English sailors along this rugged coast. This was a pleasant, uneventful day's cruise. I noted a sailboat catching the wind very close in to shore, maybe 100 yards out. The chart indicated it was deep in there, but an occasional rock might be present. The sailor must have had some local knowledge. I think it was Peter MacLaren who quipped, "Local knowledge comes from local foolishness, if you live through it."

The winds were fluky and we soon caught up and passed the sloop. Later, arrived at San

Simeon, a pretty place but without any mooring facilities. Anchored, launched skiff, rowed to a high dock, climbed ladder, and hiked to store and telephone. Another rather lonely night at anchor. I enjoyed some time reading Willy de Roo's *Northwest Passage*, a very difficult trip by a courageous man around northern Canada and Alaska and I thought, "This trip I'm making would be a piece of cake for him."

San Simeon to Morro Bay and San Luis

Morro Bay has long been one of my favorite spots in California. It is picturesque, small, uncrowded, and kind of grungy, not ostentatious. It was a pleasure to see Morro Rock gradually rise in the foreground, and finally to round it and cruise into the sheltered bay. Here there was no problem finding a spot to tie up, and I enjoyed a good steak for lunch. Then, hiked to a grocery store and back to *Flamingo* and, somewhat reluctantly, we were off to San Luis Harbor, en route south, as always. Getting closer to Santa Barbara, I wanted not to dally.

San Luis dock is right in front of Avila, a pleasant seaside town on a broad expanse of beach with about a dozen boats present. I anchored near a beautiful new trimaran from Bremen. Then met the young man on it, an affable German who was, he said, sailing it from San Francisco to Bremen. He asked about visiting the Channel Islands off Santa Barbara, and I cautioned to watch out for the strong winds there.

At the pool table bar in Avila that night, I met Ed, a crab fisherman. He told me of many difficulties in that occupation, which I can well believe. "The season is November thru May, all winter," he said. "Yeah, we get our asses kicked, but we like it. It's like football, if you like it, it's fun. Otherwise, you'd better not go out there." Good advice.

Rounding Point Conception

Point Conception has been referred to as the "Cape Horn of the north Pacific". Weather here is notoriously unpredictable: generally windy and rough. Thus, it was with some trepidation we approached it after departing Port San Luis on Tuesday 10/28/97. Sure enough, after a lovely calm morning cruising south past Point Sal, Vandenburg Air Force Base, and rounding Point Arguello, the wind rose steadily as we approached point Conception, fortunately coming from the north, a tail wind. When, finally, we were within a mile of the famous point, it was all whitecaps and blowing about 25 knots. For some happy reason there was no swell, so it was all chop, but about 5' high, lots of sound and fury, but no real problem for *Flamingo* with her high stern.

Thus, we rounded the Cape in good, splashy style, often surfing along at 9 knots. Soon we bore left to round into Cojo Cove, without turning completely broadside to that fierce chop, slowly cruising in as far as possible, in thru the kelp beds to find respite from the waves. "Yes, it's a lot calmer in here, yay hah!" I shouted with glee as I tossed the anchor over the stern into 18' of clear, blue water. Lots of line was played out to accommodate the strong wind.

The waves were all but gone, but the wind continued to howl from the NW 'til a bit after sunset, then it became a calm, cool, starlit night. The Milky Way was lit up like a free-

way and the big dipper was very prominent. Beautiful and wondrous. Five other vessels joined us in there that night.

What a great sense of relief it was, I had now rounded all the major points and capes en route, the mountain was essentially climbed, from here on in it would be only a gentle rise. I shouted again and again, "Hooray. We've got 'er made now. Attagirl *Flamingo*! Attaboy Brutus, Elmer, Georgie, Franky, Ralph, Victor, and Steve. You too, Bertha, attagirl!" Bertha was my electric bilge pump, which was always so reliable. Yes, I was lonely but very happy. My ship's components were valued and trusted friends by now. They deserved some thanks too. All in all, they made a wonderful difference, transforming what otherwise might be a dangerous ordeal into a pleasant, invigorating, safe experience. Well, most of the time anyway.

Cojo to Santa Barbara

That last day's cruise on Wednesday, 10/29/97 was something of an anticlimax. It was all too easy, sunny, and calm, just as usual for that eastward bearing coastline, as southern California is supposed to be. Even the presence of the dozen offshore oil platforms seemed like old friends, though I was sorry to see a continual spread of oil blotches on the water off Goleta. Another feature there was the change, which occurred as we approached Gaviota, it was as if we had come across ants suddenly scurrying out of their anthill. From no cars to a continual unending hurrying stream. At Gaviota, Highway 101 suddenly appears out of the mountain pass and we have traffic. Rather a revolting sight after weeks of nothing but a quiet, wild coastline. The eucalyptus trees, live oaks, and pines lining the highway help to soften the mechanical impression of the traffic.

I certainly gave a cheer or two as we entered Santa Barbara harbor. "Hooray for us, we made it! By God, Yay ha, hallelujah, brother!"

Epilog

Wants, Needs, and History

It is interesting and instructive to compare modern boating with all its electronic navigation assists, with boating of a hundred years ago. We tend to think of our electronics of today as absolute necessities, but consider the tabulation in a historical context:

Today	100 Yrs Ago	Comment
Auto-Pilot	None	Used Man Power
Radar	None	Used echo from foghorns
Fathometer	None	Used Lead line
VHF	None	Did without
Auto Bilge Pump	None	Used manpower
Engine	None	Sailed or towed ship with whaleboats
Loran or GPS	None	Used sextant and dead reckoning
Radar detector	None	Man on watch
Computer	None	Did without

And without all of the above, they explored, charted, and settled this coast. And, yes, many men and ships were lost. Still, this may help to give us a sense of perspective as to what is really a necessity. I realize we are

getting into a subjective swamp, where your opinion may very well differ from mine, and that of the next skipper.

In general, however, I expect we can all agree that it is nice to have all of the above. And, that we are a whole lot safer today at sea than our grandfathers were. Another observation is that we travel among more ships at sea and faster, thus we have more need of electronic protections. Also, we can continue to enjoy going to sea for more years of our lives, due to the modern labor saving devices.

One sample of a strong opinion on this topic I got in Santa Cruz when I mentioned to the skipper of the *Reliance* that my autopilot was on the fritz, and was somewhat surprised by the vehemence of his comment, "Oh, you gotta have the pilot; can't do without."

"But don't you have a crew such that you can have a man on watch all the time?" I asked.

"Sure, but you got to have the pilot." Since he was an older man, who probably had no autopilot when he started fishing years ago, I was somewhat surprised. But his opinion was very firm, so I didn't push.

Looking again at the list above, about the only items I'd go without, are the last two. Perhaps (when I get rich), I will bring a computer on board. (Peter's weather fax from his laptop computer looked pretty attractive when it worked), then it too will probably become another necessity. Wants have an interesting and seductive way of becoming needs, don't they? At present, I have no radar detector, (to detect the presence of other ships' radar nearby and provide a warning), but since I never sleep at sea in the liners' traffic lanes, I don't feel the need of it, or, I should say, the want.

Spelling

In Coos Bay City, I bought the necessary letters to apply *Flamingo*'s name and homeport to her stern, *Flamingo of Seattle*. This I did very carefully, turning the boat around to do both sides from the same mooring float. I had just finished in time to have supper with Marlene and Peter on their ship, and it was just starting to rain. I came in to the *Ka'sala* first and sat down while Marlene was finishing dinner's preparations. Soon Peter arrived and said wonderingly, "Is that the way you spell *Flamingo*?"

"Oh, no. Did I make a mistake?" I asked, worried that I'd have to do the painstaking job over. He passed while I squirmed.

joke and he and Marlene had a nice laugh.

Life Lines

Fishing boats are generally short of amenities for passengers like bathrooms and railings. *Flamingo* was no exception. She had nothing but a low bulkhead about a foot high around her mid-ships deck. The absence of a railing seemed almost like an invitation to fall overboard. In this area, I attached a line to the boom overhead and tied it firmly to a deck cleat at the rear end of the fish hatch. I also brought two lines down at the end of the boom to the stern rail. At least that way I'd have something to hang on to when moving around at sea.

Also, on the foredeck from each side from the wheelhouse roof to the railing on top of the cabin front, I tied lines to act as lifelines when I had to move about on the foredeck. These latter two safety lines were in response to a comment made by Jack Alberti, a yachting friend, "Seems there is not too much to hang onto here is there?" he said with typical modesty. So I called them my "Alberti" lines. In the turbulent days at sea, these lifelines were very handy. I certainly don't believe in wearing a life jacket or a harness at sea, both are too unwieldy, but good strong lifelines are always in order. The maxim, "One hand for the boat and one hand for yourself," can only be applied when there is something handy to hang onto.

Redundancies

To better the odds of a successful trip it's a good idea to double up when feasible. For example the radar and the GPS serve to check each other. They both give essential information as to where you are, thus they check each other. And if one fails, the other will (probably) serve to bring you home.

Willy de Roos, on his trip as described in *North-West Passage* around northern Canada in 1977, could not rely on his compass, too many local magnetic disturbances, nor his sextant, too little sun, so he frequently navigated in the fog mainly from depth sounder and radar information. He had no GPS of course in 1977. One instrument he did have, which greatly improved his safety, was the radar detector, which sounded an alarm whenever a ship with radar was approaching as he crossed the Atlantic solo. This allowed him to sleep safely, a sine qua non for any trip by a single-hander, I'd say. Another example of redundancy is a lead line with which to check the fathometer. I have used my 18' pike pole for that check, too.

Flamingo has three bilge pumps, as most commercial fishing boats do, one electric, one driven from the engine, and one is a good old-fashioned, manual back-breaker on deck. Any one will serve, but it is nice to have reliable back-up systems. Another beauty of the manual pump is that its size and simplicity allow it to work even on a dirty bilge, which one can't always say for the relatively flimsy electric pump. Dirt or grease caught in the electrical float switch presents another hazard; it may stick the float-switch in the "on" position and run down the ship's batteries.

The ship's batteries are another good example of safety from redundancy. They, of course, should be used one at a time to isolate, thus protect, the other one for a backup supply (or two at a time, if the ship has four, etc). Also, the good skipper-engineer should

"I was just wondering." Peter's little joke. It worked very well. He really had me worried there for a moment. A nice touch of sly and somewhat painful British humor there.

"Oh, you are a rat," I said after I got the

remember to switch from one battery to the other from time to time, to keep both well charged.

Many parts of the ship's system lend themselves well to building in redundancy, e.g., batteries, bilge pumps, fuel tanks, some electronics, etc., but not all parts do. Whether one is better off with more than one engine is always a good debate, ditto for one or two propellers, or rudders. As a practical matter on a small ship the question is moot, since there is not enough room for two anyway. So one good reliable system is often the answer.

An interesting item to check (or try to check) is the ship's EPIRB. One can check its battery power supply, and you can check its radio output according to its beeper light, but

the question remains, how do you know it is really transmitting a signal? It is unlawful to turn it on for a real test!

Probably the best way to build in redundancy, thus safety, is to travel with another ship, thus to watch out for each other. This doesn't mean we have to stay within sight of each other, but to check in via VHF every so often on some schedule helps, physically and psychologically. It also adds fun and company enroute. I found the company of Peter and Marlene on the *Ka'sala* to be most welcome. (The fact that she is pretty and a good cook didn't hurt either).

Jeff Douthwaite, 5115 40th NE Seattle, WA 98105, (206) 523-5116, 209 W. Ortega St., Santa Barbara, CA, 93101, (805) 965-8847



The Magic Beyond the Bridge

By Roger Rodibaugh

I peak the sprit, set the sprit boom, and push off from the mat of old weed covering the soft mud. The October water is stinging cold and I wish I'd worn my boots. We set off upwind, my little skiff and I, tacking through light chop for a mile or so to the bridge. The steady northerly has a snap to it, just tempered by the climbing sun.

At the bridge, I strike the rig, row under, and rig up again. There's a restorative magic beyond this bridge that dispels some of life's tensions. The meandering creek, with its mud-banks and gravel spits, winds through a bird sanctuary. The curves and shallows are a challenge to sail. The reward is tranquility and solitude, and the satisfaction of outwitting the breeze and the bends.

We sail up the winding creek, gauging the tree-skewed breeze, tacking as dictated by the banks and the wind shifts. Sailing in these knee-deeps, a stone's toss from either bank, requires single-minded focus to get the most out of each tack. I watch the flourish of catspaws pushed by a puff and feel the breath of air on my neck and cheek. The sail fills into a taut curve and the tiller comes alive. The skiff heels to the breeze with a swirl of bow wave and skims across the water. With tugging sheet in one hand and quivering tiller in the other, the sensations of body and boat, wind and water, meld into one. As we carve our way upwind on this narrow ribbon of water, we stir a little mud with the centerboard half-down and sometimes touch the peak of the sail to an overhanging willow on the bank. Such is our elemental connection with earth and sky here in the shallows.

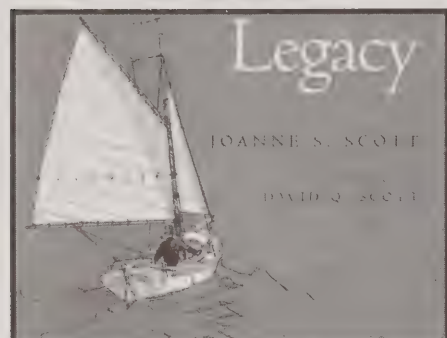
Against an azure canvas of sky, tall, gaunt

branches of bare trees are painted black. Color bursts of autumn leaves still clinging to their stems dapple the scene like a Monet painting. They rattle in the breeze, competing with the shoreline reeds' hollow rustle. In the narrows, the smell of open water gives way to that of land. The air is redolent with the tang of mud warming in the sun and the dry, musty bouquet of dead leaves on the channel's grassy margin.

Rounding a twist in the creek, we startle some geese who scold us as if we're tardy, while an unperturbed heron wades the shallows, intent on catching lunch. Nearby several sandpipers scurry across the mud, pecking at the water's edge. Arriving on our own quiet wing, we belong here. After loafing for a bit, we come about and head downwind, bustling along with the board up, gybing here and there according to the course of the creek and the breeze, our small wake lapping the nearby banks. It doesn't take long to reach an intriguing offshoot of water we had passed earlier.

Extending at an angle through some tall reeds and beside a mud bank, this short branch of water appears to dead end against some willows. The wind is fair and the explorer is curious, so we glide up this miniature tributary in less than a foot of water. We reach the willows and discover a navigable dogleg, through which we drift with the help of an oar. And then, to my delight, a lovely, secret cove opens up. Completely hidden from outside view by the encircling woods on the bank, this concealed inlet is unlikely to be known by many. We drop anchor in this sunny hideaway.

We spend a peaceful, dozy hour. I eat some lunch and then stretch out flat on the floorboards with my arms folded behind my neck, staring up at the cotton clouds chasing each other across the blue dome of sky. There's the murmur of the breeze in the treetops and the whisper of cattails and marsh grass. A gust that forces past the circling trees ruffles the cove and carries the earthy smell of decaying leaves. The pennant flutters, the sail luffs lazily and the skiff tugs at her anchor. Ripples on the cove chuckle against her bow. A dog barks in the distance, and I hear a child's voice raised in play. But I am alone, and this cove is mine. Basking in the peace, I yawn and stretch expansively. Tensions melt and knotted shoulders relax. A smile creases my face. Once again, I've found the magic beyond the bridge.



By Joanne S. Scott

With Drawings by David Q. Scott

In these days of fiberglass, one could perhaps understand how a sailor could succumb to owning a wooden boat, but four, five, over ten? Here is woven a tale through narrative poetry of the foibles and romance of a sail-smitten family and the steady accumulation of one fine character boat after another.

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Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival

Photos by Paul Lubarski

Thanks to readers Paul Lubarski and Ned Asplundh we have some photographic evidence that October's Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michaels, Maryland, was again an outstanding success. Paul reports that it was a sunny breezy day when he was there and everyone afloat had a good workout. He found there were more onlookers this year, even though at first he felt he was the only person there without a boat.

Enjoy the photos and marvel at the extraordinary variety of small boats pictured that were brought to this major small craft festival. And forgive the skimpy or non-existent captions, what you see is what we received. We're pleased that Paul and Ned troubled to send us their photos and hope that you will be also.



The tiny beach is jammed with hand carried small boats.



Tender? These St. Lawrence racing skiffs were held upright by their halyards tied off to the dock.

Is this a Brick? Or an Oldshoe? Or a Micro? It has that Bolger look.



A Karl Stambaugh skiff.



Looks like a Beetle Cat but the hull is fiberglass.

A lovely lapstrake skiff on the dock, and a San Francisco Bay Pelican afloat.





Rigging one of the St. Lawrence racing skiffs out in the shallow harbor.



Coming in for a landing.

Future skippers at play.



An electric launch.



Human power at work, looking ahead under paddle, looking back under oars.

It wasn't all sailing, here's one skipper hard at work.



It Was a Sunny, Breezy Day

Sailing Photos by Ned Asplundh





The Polynesian Racing Craft design/development team, from left: Bill Yates, Ted Perry, Dick Newick, Doug Martin, Keith Burgess.



The christening, even a plug has to be christened. "The Duke" measures 30'loa by 26" lwl by 18" beam.

First time underway.



Heard About "The Duke"?

Well, neither had we until Dick Newick called to tell us there was to be a launching of a rather special boat in Kittery Point, Maine early in November. We decided to go, scenic spot, nice late fall day, only an hour away, with interesting boat people to be on hand.

We pulled onto the town dock on Pepperell Cove, down behind Cap'n Simeon's seafood restaurant, just in time. Taking up several parking places was a long, skinny dull gray outrigger canoe. Before we had time to give it a look-see the man in charge called together the assembled multitude (maybe 25-30 involved folks plus the local harbormaster all geared up in camouflage fatigues like he was fixing to go hunting straight away) and persuaded several major participants in the development of this Polynesian style craft to sorta line up alongside. Bill Yates ("I wouldn't mind if it was Gates") is one of the two principals in a new small craft firm that intends to build and market production versions of what we were looking at. This is pretty much what he had to say (from a press release he elaborated upon).

"This is our new outrigger canoe, known as "The Duke" (named after Hawaii's most famous athlete, Duke Kahanamoku) which will be introduced to the East Coast paddling community early this winter. This canoe has been developed to fulfill a number of objectives. It is a traditional Hawaiian design especially adapted for east coast maritime conditions (tidal currents, confused chop and short interval waves) that can be raced by four paddlers. It is adaptable for sailing with a powerful Polynesian crab claw sailing rig, and has double hulling capability (catamaran style). It is light enough to be trailered and launched by a much smaller crew than is needed for 6-man canoes. It is of tough, durable construction and is easily affordable.

To get the best possible design, "The Duke" development team included two of the world's leading naval architects, Dick Newick and Keith Burgess (both in the lineup). Dick Newick's multihulls are legendary, some of them establishing records in winning major blue water races around the world. Among the more famous of these multihulls are *Moxie*, *Cheers*, *Three Cheers*, *Third Turtle*, *Rogue Wave*, *Ocean Surfer* (on which Mr. Burgess was a consulting engineer), plus the Tremolino and Val class trimarans. Mssrs. Newick and Burgess are presently collaborating on a new class of 45' foot racing proas for the 2004 single-handed trans-Atlantic race.

Based on the specifications we set forth, and with input from numerous outrigger canoe paddlers from up and down the East Coast, Mssrs. Newick and Burgess completed their design of "The Duke" this past September. The development team then went to work immediately building this prototype of "The Duke" for today's initial testing. Based on the results of these in-the-water trials today, I think the East Coast paddling community is about to see a great new outrigger that's especially well-suited to local conditions.

"The Duke" is intended to be fast and to track like an arrow while still being able to turn quickly and easily. It will cleanly cut

through oncoming chop, and surf well down short interval waves. The traditional lines are simply elegant, incorporating many of the features of Prince Kuhio's A'a and the original *Malia*.

Molds for "The Duke" will be prepared from the final form of this prototype plug for production boats by East/West Custom Boats, Inc., who was chosen because of their superior craftsmanship and considerable experience in building small boats, including outrigger canoes.

Orders for several of the new "The Duke" canoes have already been received. Initial deliveries are scheduled for January, 2001. The new canoe will also be introduced to competitive paddlers at the East Coast Outrigger Racing Association (ECORA) annual meeting, which is being hosted by the Kent Island Outrigger Canoe Club in Maryland on January 20, 2001."

Well, this was some scene here on this funky old time New Englandy waterfront (behind Cap'n Simeon's, remember), a small boat derived from Polynesian ancestry from thousands of miles away, redesigned by a couple of down Maine naval architects and built by a down Maine boatbuilder. No wonder the harbor master and the couple of lobstermen tied up at the dock were looking on, this was not your everyday Pepperell Cove occasion.

As this trial boat was actually the plug for the anticipated production mold, it was still in its early stages, finished only enough to float and be paddled to see if it was going to do what Yates & company were aiming for. As usual in their game, this was also that moment of truth for Newick and Burgess, for they had extensively modified the traditional lines of the Hawaiian boats. Why did they do this? How would it do?

Bill Yates alludes to the reason why in his statement, essentially paddling conditions on the east coast of the USA are totally different than those found in Hawaii. Nowhere to be found hereabouts are the huge sea swells, down the fronts of which the Hawaiian outriggers surf. Instead we find a short, steep harbor chop made up of wind driven waves and boat wakes, often superimposed upon Atlantic swells of much more modest proportions than those enjoyed in Hawaii. The canoe needed here must cut through this stuff, not rise over it.

Going for it, match race.

Canoe needed here? Who needs a four man Hawaiian outrigger canoe on the Atlantic seaboard? Apparently quite a few groups, there are about three dozen outrigger paddling clubs now along our seaboard. These are club boats, for groups, not individuals. But, even in clubs devoted to this arcane sport, it is easier to crew up for four paddlers than the six the current fleet of outriggers from Hawaii require (there were a dozen six paddle outriggers in the Blackburn last July, remember).

The Hawaiian outriggers, despite their shortcomings in dealing with our sort of sea conditions, have been all there were. The late Dick Michelson had gone around promoting these outriggers, operating as CanoeSport Caribe. Following his death, the man who was building Dick's boats, Ted Perry of East/West Custom Boats in Berwick, Maine (close to Kittery Point), took over the business. Ted is building and marketing the CanoeSport line of six person, four person and single outrigger canoes as CanoeSport East.

And now, Ted will be building this new boat for Bill Yates' and Mike Handa's Polynesian Racing Craft. Ted also builds the line of Alden rowing shells. When we asked him about the Drascombes he once built, he laughed and said, "the molds are still in the shed hanging from the rafters."

Well, on to the water. A trial horse Canoesport four from Ted was on hand, against which to compare the new boat. Teams of involved paddlers swapped back and forth in a series of sprints and maneuvers on the cove. Designer Newick was prevailed upon to take paddle in hand, even. While our uneducated eyes could not deduce how things were going, the participants seemed to be coming in quite exuberant. Newick announced that "it performs pretty much as I expected it would."

No other firm opinions were being expressed at the scene, but our subsequent discussion with Bill Yates confirmed that the design was regarded as a success and that finishing off the plug would now go forward to be able to meet those first two deliveries in January.

Product literature for "The Duke" is in the works. Meanwhile, anyone interested in learning more about "The Duke" should inquire of "The Duke", c/o East/West Custom Boats, Inc., Box 193, Kittery Point, ME 03905, (207) 439-4769 (phone), (207) 439-9620 (fax), <ewboats@aol.com>



Designer Newick takes paddle in hand.



"Yeah, it turns!"





The Canoesport trial horse, shorter and stubbier.



Return for another crew to have a turn.

And Afterwards, Back to Sailing




Back to sailing, Dick Newick heads for his new small tri "Rev", to ready it for the last sail of the season.



"Rev" at its mooring, that curved "boom" fits the crab claw sail wrapped around it (more on "Rev" in an upcoming issue).

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I have an ad in two boat magazines where I say that I am a small boat builder. Because of those ads, I get a lot of mail from people who want to build a small boat or a bunch of small boats. Since I have been struggling in this business for nearly forty years, they think I know what's up and they have a few questions. Because I believe that the beautiful work of capable amateurs is the best thing to keep the old craft going, I do the best I can to help out. Here is what I tell them:

First, there ain't no money in it. The nearest thing I can think of like building small boats for a living is writing poetry for a living. I tell them they need a mentor. My wife fills that role for me. She is a school teacher and is very generous with her money. She knows how to live poor too.

Second, anybody who thinks that any person can build a boat as cheap as people in a factory can is a fool. Even if you use sheathing grade plywood on stud grade "Paul Bunyan" fastened with drywall screws and "liquid nails" and then paint it with latex house paint, unless your time is worthless the boat is still going to cost you more than a cheap aluminum butthead (appropriately called a "Honkey Drownder" around here). So you say.. "I don't like aluminum boats".

Well, I don't like temporary boats made out of trash. I wouldn't participate in any "Quick and Dirty" contest even if first prize was a whole case of polyurethane crack filling dook even though I would be a shoo-in since I once (when I was 30 years old) completely planked an 18' round-sided, lap-strake dory skiff in one day. Of course, I had pulled and planed the lumber the day before.

What I am getting at is that a boat that you build yourself is going to become very dear to you no matter what kind of a piece of junk it is and when it self-destructs, it will break your heart. Since you can't build a boat as cheap as a bunch of desperados with chopper guns sucking the juice from a pallet load of fifty five gallon drums, you might as well do what no factory can... build a boat that is far better than any manufactured boat ever was.

Any capable amateur can do that. It is even possible that you might be able to starve along until you can attract the few widely scattered people in the world who will pay what it costs to have the best small boat ever made. Strip-planked wood boats, properly glued and sheathed inside and out with epoxy and fiberglass are the strongest and longest lasting small boats ever within the reach of an amateur builder. Though building a boat like that is not easy and takes so many hours that few professionals find it profitable, it is possible to build a truly wonderful boat with little previous experience.

Here is what I would do if I were starting out right now. I would build one of those little strip planked Wee Lassies from a kit. You can worry about your dignity so much that you never do anything in your spare time but wash the car, cut the grass and participate in political discussions. Until you have wedged your ass tight into something like a Wee Lassie and paddled off up a little creek somewhere, you ain't really got the goody out of life. You can drag one of those little things through the bushes with a string and put it into a piece of water that has never floated a boat before. All the wonderful things you can do with such boat is beyond the scope of this advice but you

A Few Small Boat Opinions Advice For Amateur Boat Builders

By Robb White

great grandchildren will jump for joy when they find that tiny wonder.... still as good as the day you made it.

After you get that done and learn all about little pieces of wood and epoxy and fiberglass, then you can hunt around for the plans for a little more boat. I'll tell you something for a fact though. The joy of boats is inversely proportional to their size. The dwindling starts when you get to where you can't carry it in one hand and the fishing pole in the other and keeps on getting worse from there until you get to the bottom-job and joker-valve stage.

There ain't no joy left when they get big enough to grow oysters on the bottom and have a plumbed in toilet and deck leaks and electrolysis and lightning struck electrical system and rusted out exhaust elbow and fuel in the bilge and osmosis blisters all over the bottom and mold on the mattress and mushrooms on the stem and leaks in the deck and frazzles in the running rigging and cracks in the swage and leaks in the deck and galled shaft in the stuffing box and penetration in the core and deterioration of the hoses and cormorant doo-doo on the teak and leaks in the deck and stoppages in the fuel system and worry in the the thru-hulls and leaks in the deck.

You know, having a big boat is kind of like what happened to... well.... it is a little attractive at first thought I guess, and there is probably a little thrill to it while it is still in the oval office stage, but you know what is going to happen... serious trouble. Best thing to do when you get thinking about something that will get you in a bad fix is to buy one of

those big shiny magazines and just look at the pictures.

You can build any kind of boat by the strip-plank method. It is not all that hard to carve a model and take the lines off, loft them up and build to your own notion. Or you can adapt the plans for any round bilged boat to work with strips. I'll give you a hint for the second boat after you have built the tiny canoe. Weston Farmer published the plans for a sport boat type skiff called "Dolly Varden" in the old *Science & Mechanics Magazine*. It was designed to be strip planked. One nifty trick with that boat was that the garboard strakes were shaped so that once you got them done, even though all the other strips were parallel sided, they did not have to take the cheap-shot of running out on the sheer. A skiff like that, epoxified inside and out with fiberglass sheathing, will stay with you and be such a joy that it will become a treasured heirloom.

I checked with young Wes Farmer (damn near as old as me) and he does not have the plans for "Dolly Varden" but I bet a little relentless pursuit would scratch up *Boat Builder's Handbook* put out by *Science and Mechanics Magazine*, 505 Park Ave., Department 2196, New York 22, NY (for what that's worth since that address was way before they invented zip codes). "Dolly Varden, Craft Print Project 179" is on page 103. The plans were \$1.00, post paid in 1960 but if you can find that book you don't need them because my old hero, Weston Farmer, gives you all the plans you need and tells exactly how to build that wonderful boat in his clean concise style right there in the article. Of course, epoxy has changed all that and you can leave out the frames and all now.

My last opinion is to ignore all the opinions of others including mine. If you want to build a boat, build it just to suit you and I give you joy of the relentless pursuit.

Editor Comments: We have a copy of the Dolly Varden article, seven pages in all. We can photocopy these for anyone interested, send us \$1 and a stamped (\$.55 postage) self addressed envelope (business size #10) to cover copying costs and mailing.)

The old strip plank mold of '65-'66? Built the boat in two halves, took them off the mold and put them together around the deadwood. Kept my tools in an old refrigerator.





Dreamboats (In Flight) The Flying Boats Of the Andes

By Richard Carsen

It was Thor Heyerdahl who showed that the ancient reedboats not only went to sea, the lines of their rigging turned out unnecessary on a flat lake, but were absolutely necessary in the swell at sea. Because this had not been understood by the builder of the *Ra I* (who was from Lake Chad), the *Ra I* fell apart before reaching the American continent. So Thor had the *Ra II* constructed by builders from Lake Titicaca, where reedboats are still in use, and she completed the crossing.

It was this Titicaca reedboat that was used when a group of researchers rebuilt a craft that seemingly had been flown by early Peruvians. These people were from the World Explorers' Club, 403 Kemp St., Box 99, Kempton, IL 60946, who had supported Heyerdahl's original *Kontiki* raft trip.

Erich von Daeniken had written in one of his books that the huge figures, drawn on the floor of the Naxca Plain in Peru, must have served as landing beacons for landings of extra-terrestrials. The truth turned out to be far more interesting.

Armed with geiger counters and other instruments, the Explorer group could find no evidence of radiation, usually connected with UFO landings; but checking stories and legends in the neighborhood, they were told that there had been hot-air balloons in the area before the Spanish conquest. Further investigation unearthed, in a museum, a Spanish drawing of such a craft, a cylindrical balloon, with a triangular top, each corner a funnel with a line attached, flying a Titicaca reedboat!

To test this possibility, the Explorer group built a full-size model, hired two pilots, and flew it over the plain. In order to keep the woven material airtight they created a great amount of soot, black cloud of soot, and, although the air had been totally still, the operation of filling and flying the balloon created a sudden whirlwind.

From heating the balloon from the ground by fire, they found that it left a scar, similar to hundreds of other scars on that plain.

Now let us turn to chronicles of early times in Europe, as assembled by the same brothers Grimm who wrote the collection of German fairy tales. It is mentioned a number of times that "shields" were seen, "coming out of dark clouds", and "creating whirlwinds". Farmers thought that these were created to steal their crops.

People could be seen on the "shields", and at one time some-one fired a shot at one of those craft, and a totally naked woman fell out, on her head that funny bunch of feathers, like a potted plant, the way they used to portray Amerindians in that day. This was in Germany.

At another time, in France, a group was captured on the ground. They were brought before the bishop of Marseille who promptly had them beheaded, as heathens I suppose.

In England, one such craft had anchored while staying in the air. Upon leaving, the anchor tangled in some bushes, and a man climbed down to dis-entangle it. A crowd had gathered and he was suffocated in the ensuing crush.

Sometime in the late fifties, I think, two such "shields" flying over an area in New Guinea, were reported in a book on flying saucers. Some natives at a mission spotted them and called the white missionary to come and look. The craft were observed for about one and a half hours, as they slowly drifted towards the mountains. People could be seen on the craft, and when some of those gathered to watch waved at them, they waved back.

Although in all these sightings, never any balloons are mentioned, one must consider that these balloons were hidden by the thick cloud of soot that accompanied them. For the observer there were just these black clouds, with something oblong just floating in the air.

The latter sighting gave me an idea. Originally I had thought that these craft, in summer when the tropic system (tradewinds, etc) is at its most northerly, would catch the upcoast wind, cross the Isthmus, and, follow-

ing the southern coast of North America, cross Florida and catch the Gulfstream to Europe. Going by Gulfstream would have created problems with logistics. Having their fire on board, they would not only have to carry food and water, something the Polynesians had already solved for long distance trips, they had to carry fuel.

I have made the point over and over again, that the early seafarers, I should say the ancient seafarers, went coastwise, or by island hopping. From the Yucatan to Cuba is but a short hop. From there coastwise to Cape Race. Remember, many areas which are now cleared land were then covered with forest, both here and in Europe.

Like the early Phoenicians circumnavigating Africa, they could stop and create more coke, even sow and reap a crop as the Phoenicians did. These being boats, they could even land at sea. Birdmen carrying a boat (pilots flying a boat) are shown with the occupant or occupants fishing.

Upon reaching Cape Race, however, it seems unlikely that they could reach further north because of the northerly winds. The funnels at the triangular heads of their craft, operated from below, may have given them at least some lateral movement, which would have brought them to the Gulfstream and to England. This, however is still 1600-1700 miles.

Phoning the Metereological Service of the US, I tried to get an average wind speed out of them for such major air movements like the prevailing southwest winds in the North Atlantic, or of the Trades, but they would not commit themselves to any average figure. However, when the tropic system moves south with the sun, we do have westerly winds here at Newport Beach, California, which supposedly reach a speed of 25-30mph during the afternoon. Taking the lowest value, and assuming these are nautical miles, a craft drifting in such an airstream, allowing for variations in airspeed, could possibly do 500nm in a 24 hour day. It would be possible to cover a distance of 1700nm in 3-1/2 days. Would their fuel last that long?

Coke was then obtained by burning a stack of wood, and then halfway through the process, covering it so that only partial oxidation was achieved. The resulting product, coming in short pieces, branches of about 2"-2-1/2" wide, were used in my youth, in the coal and woodstove days. As I remember it, it was only used when the fire was well settled; it seemed to glow for a long time, and gave off a great amount of heat.

Heyerdahl, who went to Easter Island with a research team, found, on top of the highest area of the island, heaps of coke, and the telltale pictures of birdmen, carrying boats, the occupants sometimes catching a fish. No balloons were ever shown. This should not surprise us.

These craft carried their fire onboard; the glow of such fires was occasionally mentioned in the European sightings. If the sooting was a continuous project, ie. if the balloons were constantly hidden from view by clouds of soot, ("they come out of dark clouds"), given the fact that the viewers had no idea what they were looking at, the idea that these were balloon craft must never have entered their minds.

Apart from the coke heaps, Heyerdahl and his group found stone anchors all over the island, not near the shore where it would have

been logical, but in many places well away from any shore, which puzzled them.

Easter Island was originally forested; yet all the wood had been eventually cut down. Had it been consumed in the creation of coke? Are there other islands to the west of Easter Island, that have such tell-tale high areas with heaps of coke? There is a great deal of interesting research out there beckoning us, but it will not be solved by denying observable facts.

Anyway, the fact that such craft were observed in our day in New Guinea seems to point to the possibility that they did have the capability for such extended journeys. The facts unearthed in Peru seem never to have been repeated elsewhere. Of course, they were brought to light thanks to the persistence of the people of World Explorer.

It is obvious that, once these craft could reach the Tuamotus, there would be plenty of islands to land on, and eventually forests for refuelling. Once they reached the Asian continent, and the forests that then still covered most of the world, it became simply a matter of time to cover any distance. This is the beauty of any craft, built and sustained by natural, readily available materials: You can keep going forever. Read *Sailing the Farm*, by Ken Neumeyer. The author devises a totally self-contained lifestyle, aboard his 30' sloop, including growing his own food on board.



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Bolger on Design



In *MAIB* of May 15, 1994, we published the plans of a 29'6"x7'6" rowing/sailing/out-board boat we'd designed for an Australian builder, buildable in strip, cold-molding, lap-strake or fiberglass. We understood that there were to be several of them, molded in fiberglass for seamanship training in Singapore. We have not been able to get any report of how the boats worked out in use, but we did get a batch of photos showing the prototype under very painstaking and accurate construction,

Singapore Cutter Update Design #617

with a fair molding and a yacht finish, and of her trials.

The photos show her with an overload (we count fourteen people) sailing fast and dry

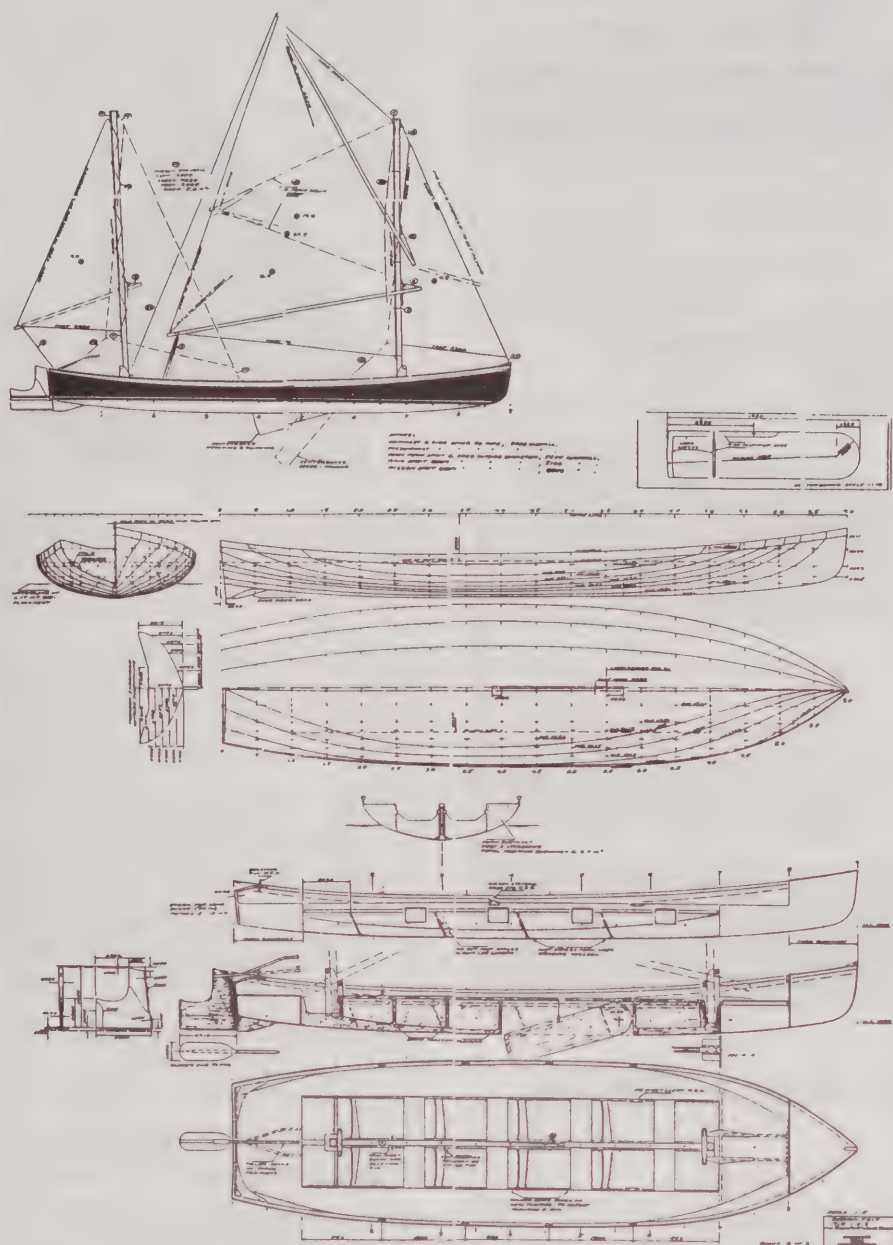
in a lumpy sea. She is deep of her designed 2640lbs displacement with a live load of something like a long ton, but her full and flaring sides and bow are carrying her lightly over the crests. She is carrying her working sail totaling 296sf (the mizzen staysail will add another 54sf when they get better used to her). Loaded as she is, the low rig does not need much shifting of the live weight; only half her hands are on the weather side and none of them have had to perch on the gunwale. The way the area is spread out low makes her easy to keep on her feet in this good sailing breeze.

Her masts are only 18' overall; the main peak sprit is the same, and the main sprit boom a little shorter. The whole rig can be struck down and stowed inside the boat out of the way of the oarsmen in one minute flat by an experienced full crew. The masts are untapered aluminum pipe, 4" inside diameter, and they are not whipping much.

The view of her on her trailer shows the shallow rudder with the end plate that allows it to work without the complication of a swinging blade. The centerboard pivots into the central spine between the two rows of oarsmen; the spine also carries the inboard ends of the movable, and removable, rowing seats, and it forms an extremely stiff girder to stand trailer and hoisting gear stresses. She can be run on to a beach at full speed without any hesitation, though she's too long and low (for best oar geometry) to be a serious surfboat.

To get her off the beach, four of her eight 9' oars are manned. She's intended for practical service, coming alongside ships, for in-





Eight Oared Cutter

29'6" x 7'6"

(From MAIB Vol 12, No. 1, May 15, 1994)

This big pulling boat, with an auxiliary sailing rig and space for an outboard motor (in place of her rudder) was designed for an Australian boatbuilder who had a contract to mold six of them in fiberglass for the Singapore Navy. The shape is similar to my own, much smaller, rowing boat, which has been a great success, especially in rough water.

All the spars go inside the boat, clear of the oarsmen, but the sail plan is powerful with 350sf of sail. The numerous sails and lines are all to the good in a trainer boat. The Singapore trainees will get some spirited sailing as well as fast rowing.

stance; hence the combination of moderate oar length and wide beam at the gunwale carried well for'd and aft, to give a good spread of the locks without protruding outriggers. The extreme flare of the bow to a full deckline is not as fast to row in choppy water as a more wall-sided bow, but it allows good geometry for the bow oars and keeps the spray down. It's especially desirable when she's being driven by her sizable outboard motor when she's used simply as a ship-to-shore transport. Strong flare and full deck lines were popular in 18th century ships' boats, and some of them also had the narrow beam on the waterline, 5'9" maximum, and sharp hollowed bow lines shown here. She of course has full positive buoyancy and could actually be rowed, sailed, or motored with all the water she can hold.

Minor niceties include the offset partners that allow the masts to be run through horizontally and walked upright with the heel secure, and the cranked tiller with three detentes to bring the grip high on centerline or offset to either side. Oarlock spacing is 47" to reduce the incidence of novice or distracted oarsmen hitting the next rower aft in the back.


The general handiness of these boats, and their speed and grace, are supposed to be morale-boosters for trainees and to help them show well in comparisons with, for instance, crews met in foreign ports.

Plans for Design #617 on three 22"x 34" sheets are available from us for \$200. Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



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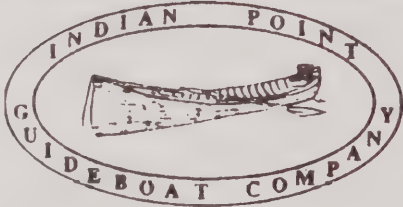
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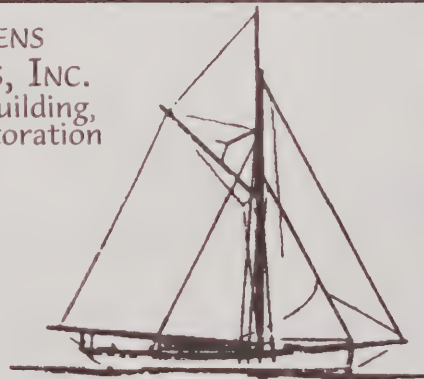
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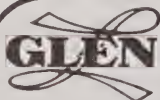
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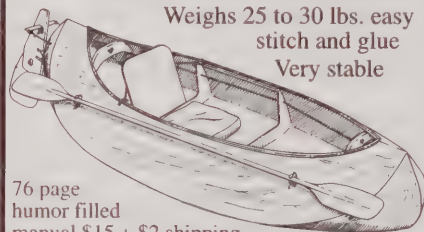
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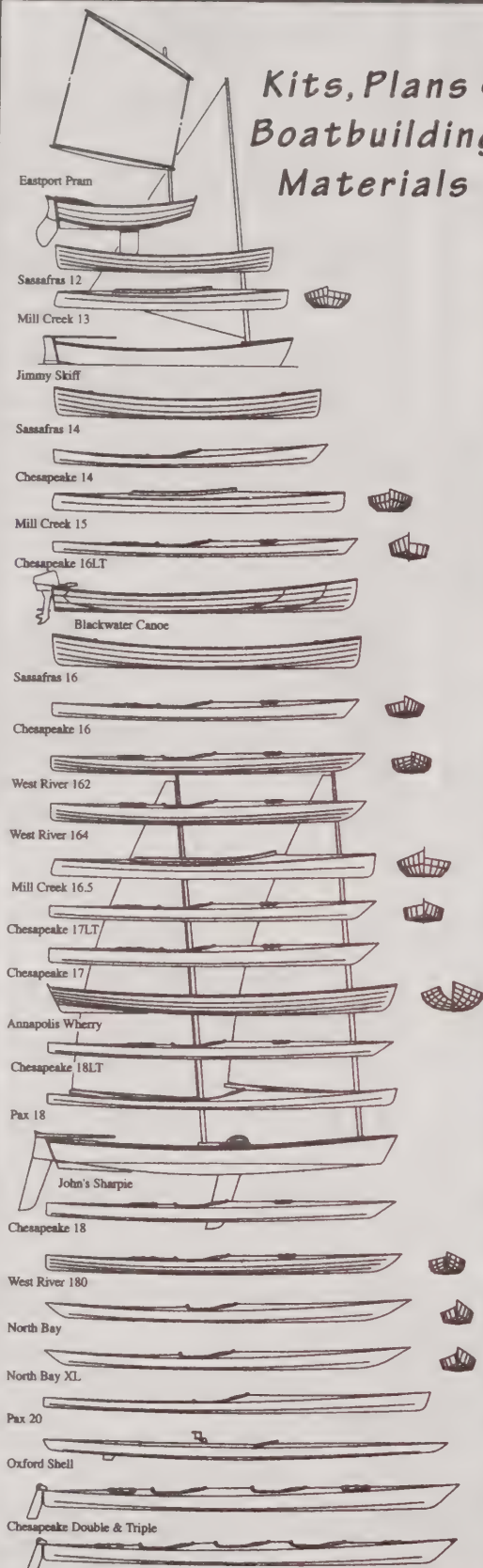
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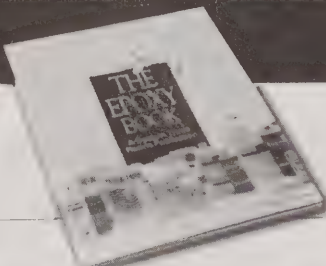
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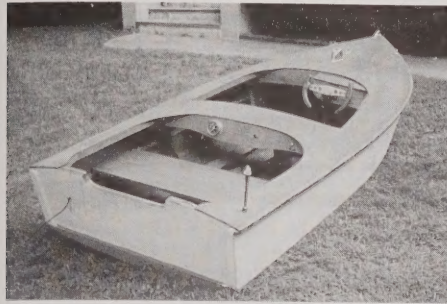


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White Poly tarp Sail Kits. Construct a sail in about 4 hrs. No sewing required. 5 PolySail Kits priced from \$55.95 (107sf Pram Kit) to \$119.95 (568sf Schooner Kit). Shipping included. DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106. (15P)

3/4hp DC Motor, permanent magnet 24v, include 24v charger. Would make grt electric boat motor. Both for \$150 plus shipping. MATTHEW AUGUGLIARO, 4600 Fish Rd., Smiths Creek, MI 48074, (810) 989-4600, <gerimatt@iwar.net> (16)

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Famous Quotation & Illustration, from *The Wind in the Willows*. Tee \$16.50, Tank \$16.50, Long Sleeve \$21, Sweatshirt \$26, Tote Bag \$16.50, Shipping \$4. VISA/MC/AMEX. Other designs available. DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (301) 589-9391, Toll Free 877-MESSING. <www.MessingAbout.com> (TFP)

GEAR WANTED

British Seagulls, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

DreamBoats...The Book: A collected volume of Richard Carsen's original MAIB "DreamBoats" columns just as they appeared in print. A rare look at the craft of seafaring peoples with an eye on the backyard builder. Junks, dhows, outriggers & more. With intro & background info. 80 pages, 8.5"x11". \$15pp. OUT YOUR BACKDOOR, 4686 Meridian Rd., Williamston, MI 48895, outyourbackdoor.com. (16)

Small Boat Journal, from when it was still an honest small boat magazine. 73 issues from the original Pilot Issue, nearly consecutive, gd cond. \$50. Shipping by buyer, est wght 55lbs. DAVID G. HILL, 1776 S. Palo Verde #C-111, Tucson, AZ 85713, (520) 326-3574, <Dhill5440@AOL.COM> (16)

Small Boat Journal, almost complete set, will sell for shipping cost. Great winter reading! PHIL LINDSEY, Morehead City, NC, (252) 247-4348, <plindsey@ec.rr.com> (16)

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 + \$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin. WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 (TF)



Plans for 18'-20' Skiffs, vee bottom stitch & glue plywood/epoxy. Seagoing capabilities. See website for ordering info, <http://www.xyz.net/~mgrt>. TOLMAN SKIFFS, Box 1343, Homer, AK 99603. (17P)

"Sleeper", 7' 10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill valley, CA 94941 (TFP)

Unbought & Unbossed, friendly candid publishing on modern folkways & cultural revival. Inside info for readers who've been there, done that. Emphasizing a DIY approach to bikes, boats, guns, movies, music, religion. \$5 for new issue plus catalog. OutYourBackdoor.com. 4686 Meridian, Williamston, MI 48895. (TF)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

Canoeing, by Am. Red Cross. '56 1st edition. In addition to canoeing techniques, has plans for sliding seat rowing rig & instructions for recanvassing w/c canoes, as well as chapter on birchbark canoes. Gd cond. \$9 +\$3 shipping. PAUL LEFEBVRE, 1615 SW 58 Ave., Gainesville, FL 32608, (352) 376-4977, <lefebvre@bellsouth.net> (15)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid. NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221 (TF)

Messing About in Boats, rare real early issues. Starting to organize the back issue stockpile here, came up with these rare old timers. 1 packet of 11 1983 issues, missing 6/1, 7/1, 8/1, 12/15. \$25pp. 1 ea 9/15 & 10/1. \$3 ea pp. 1 packet of 20 1984 issues, missing 2/15, 3/15, 4/15, 8/15. \$45pp. 1 packet of 13 1984 issues, missing 1/15 - 3/15, 4/15, 6/1, 8/15, 9/15, 11/1, 12/15. \$30pp. 2 ea of 5/1. \$3 ea pp. 1 ea of 1/1, 5/15, 7/15. \$3 ea pp. 1 packet of 22 1985 issues, missing 1/1 & 1/15. \$47. 1 packet of 16 1985 issues, missing 1/1, 1/15, 2/15, 3/1, 5/1, 6/1, 8/1, 12/1. \$35pp. All clean copies (not all new). First come, first served, checks in mail only, no phone orders. Later 1980s issues to follow in subsequent ads. MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. (TF)

BOAT PLANS-PATTERNS-KITS-Especially for amateurs, over 240 designs, you name it, we have it. Boat plan leader for over 45 years. **NEW** year 2000 DESIGN BOOK, 216-PAGE Illustrated, new format, more photos & information, only \$9.95 (Sent AIRMAIL). Includes FREE "Boatbuilding Supplies" Catalog. Epoxy manual \$2.00. "How to Fiberglass" video \$32.95.

GLEN-L MARINE DESIGNS, Box 1804/MAO, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804. MC/VISA/DISC/AMEX 562-630-6258. www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Old Canoe Catalogs.

LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

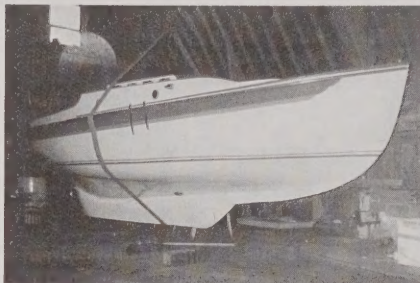
Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat, will still do free picture painting of your boat but \$50 for 9"x 12" & \$100 for 18"x 24" will get your painting done first. Send no money until you get a painting you like.

SAM CHAPIN, 753 Woodside Rd., Maitland, FL 32751, (407) 622-5730. (TFP)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS WANTED

Shooters Island Memorabilia, snapshots, photos, videos, etc., anything on boats & flotsam around Shooters Island in NY - NJ, Must be reasonable. MATTHEW AUGUGLIARO, 4600 Fish Rd., Smiths Creek, MI 48074, (810) 989-4600, <gerimatt@iwar.net> (16)

More Than Your Usual Classified Ad



Looking for a truly classic wooden boat? Consider this John Atkin "Blue Bird" sloop. I bought this boat in 1990, from an ad in *Messing About In Boats*. It was a distress sale, her owner transferred across the continent, moving costs nearly the value of the boat.

Blue Bird had been excellently maintained (her bilges were cleaner than my clothes closet), and in almost constant use, over her lifetime. Near as I can tell, this boat is as sound as the day she was built. In short, a real jewel.

I have the complete history of Blue Bird, including photos of her when she was first built (in 1951, at the Brooklyn Vocational High School), photos after a thorough refit (by Joe Hill, in 1979) who also put a new cabin on, done to Atkin's original plans. I have documentation of the sale from her original owner to the person I bought her from. A scrapbook/photo album. I even have a letter from Pat (Mrs. John) Atkin, who has a file on this boat. All this will be included as part of the sale.

I bought her thinking that she was a small boat, being only 18' on the waterline. I discov-

ered that she's a pretty big boat, that just happens to be short. Can't haul her around with my Corolla sedan, without risking life & limb. Need a crane to step the 36' mast. She's out of scale with my financial resources and my physical resources. Also, because of the keel extension put on by an owner with urgent business to windward, she isn't a good fit with most of our local harbours here on the Bay of Fundy, which go dry twice a day.

So, much as I hate the idea, I'm putting her up for sale. Just want to get out of her what I put in, the \$1,500 purchase price, and \$3,500 to have her decks and cabin top sheeted with glass cloth and epoxy, and her hull taken to bare wood and epoxy coated. That's when I ran out of time and money, and into a divorce proceeding.

So, I guess you could say it's another distress sale. I need the money to bankroll the sharpie. She's presently located between Digby and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. You'll have to come and get her, or pay the moving costs. She's on a cradle, bolted to a rude, but serviceable, trailer.

She's hasn't been back in the water, since the epoxy treatment, and has been stored in a sound barn (no drips) ever since. She's not missing more than the odd fitting or turnbuckle-pin to be ready to sail. The magneto ignition Palmer engine still rolls over nicely by hand.

I reserve the right not to sell the boat to just anybody with US\$5,000. I want her to have the kind of caring owner, and user, that I intended to be (I was a caring enough owner; sadly, I never got to use her), and that she deserves.

For more information, call me, Ernie Cassidy at (902) 769-3894 evenings, or email me at <ecassidy@auracom.com>.

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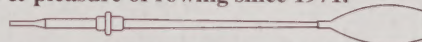
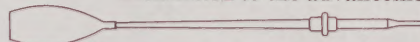
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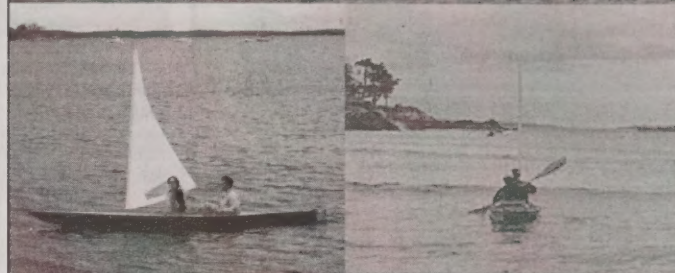
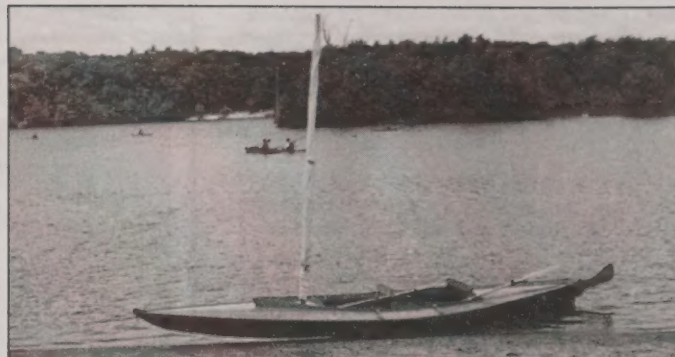
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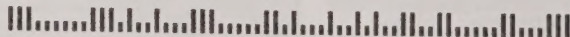
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